BLONDE PHANTOM COMICS

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18

PUT DOWN THAT GUN, JOAN! IT-IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK!
SO! I'VE CAUGHT HIM AT LAST! AND I THINK *YOU'RE* THE WOMAN! WELL, IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE NOW--YOU'LL PAY FOR STEALING MY MAN!
THE SAME OLD STORY—JEALOUSY, HATE, AND CRUELTY... WITH THE BLONDE PHANTOM'S VERY LIFE AT STAKE!

BAD SKIN?

Stop Worrying About Pimples, Blackheads and Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

Try Skin Doctor's Amazing Simple Directions and Be Thrilled with the Difference— Often So Much

CLEARER IN JUST ONE SHORT WEEK

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too *—in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept 398 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

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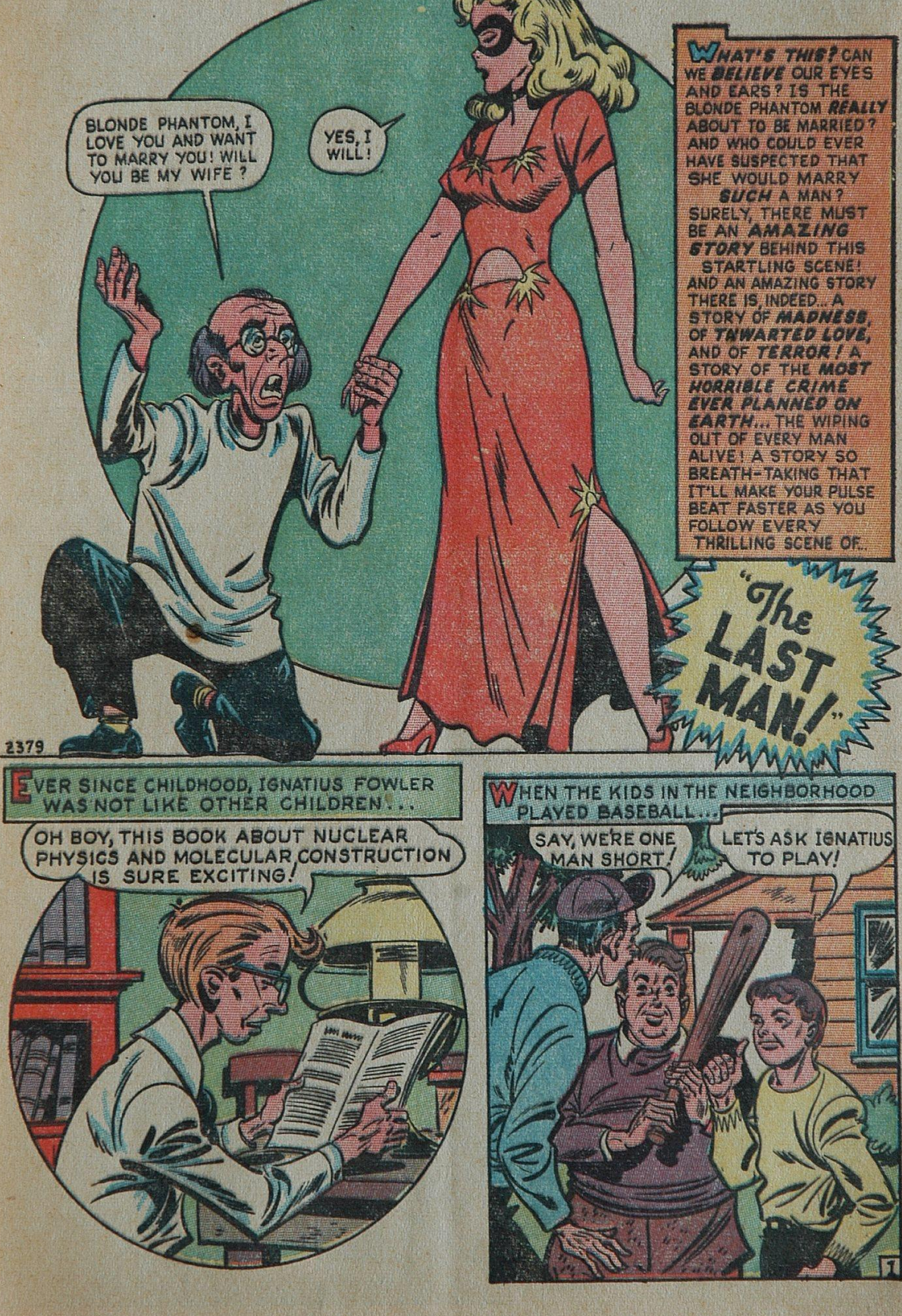
BLONDE PHANTOM


WHAT'S THIS? CAN WE BELIEVE OUR EYES AND EARS? IS THE BLONDE PHANTOM REALLY ABOUT TO BE MARRIED? AND WHO COULD EVER HAVE SUSPECTED THAT SHE WOULD MARRY SUCH A MAN? SURELY, THERE MUST BE AN AMAZING STORY BEHIND THIS STARTLING SCENE! AND AN AMAZING STORY THERE IS, INDEED... A STORY OF MADNESS, OF THWARTED LOVE, AND OF TERROR! A STORY OF THE MOST HORRIBLE CRIME EVER PLANNED ON EARTH... THE WIPING OUT OF EVERY MAN ALIVE! A STORY SO BREATH-TAKING THAT IT'LL MAKE YOUR PULSE BEAT FASTER AS YOU FOLLOW EVERY THRILLING SCENE OF..
BLONDE PHANTOM, I LOVE YOU AND WANT TO MARRY YOU! WILL YOU BE MY WIFE?
YES, I WILL!
"The LAST MAN!"
2379
EVER SINCE CHILDHOOD, IGNATIUS FOWLER WAS NOT LIKE OTHER CHILDREN . . .
OH BOY, THIS BOOK ABOUT NUCLEAR PHYSICS AND MOLECULAR CONSTRUCTION IS SURE EXCITING!
WHEN THE KIDS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYED BASEBALL . . .
SAY, WE'RE ONE MAN SHORT!
LET'S ASK IGNATIUS TO PLAY!
1

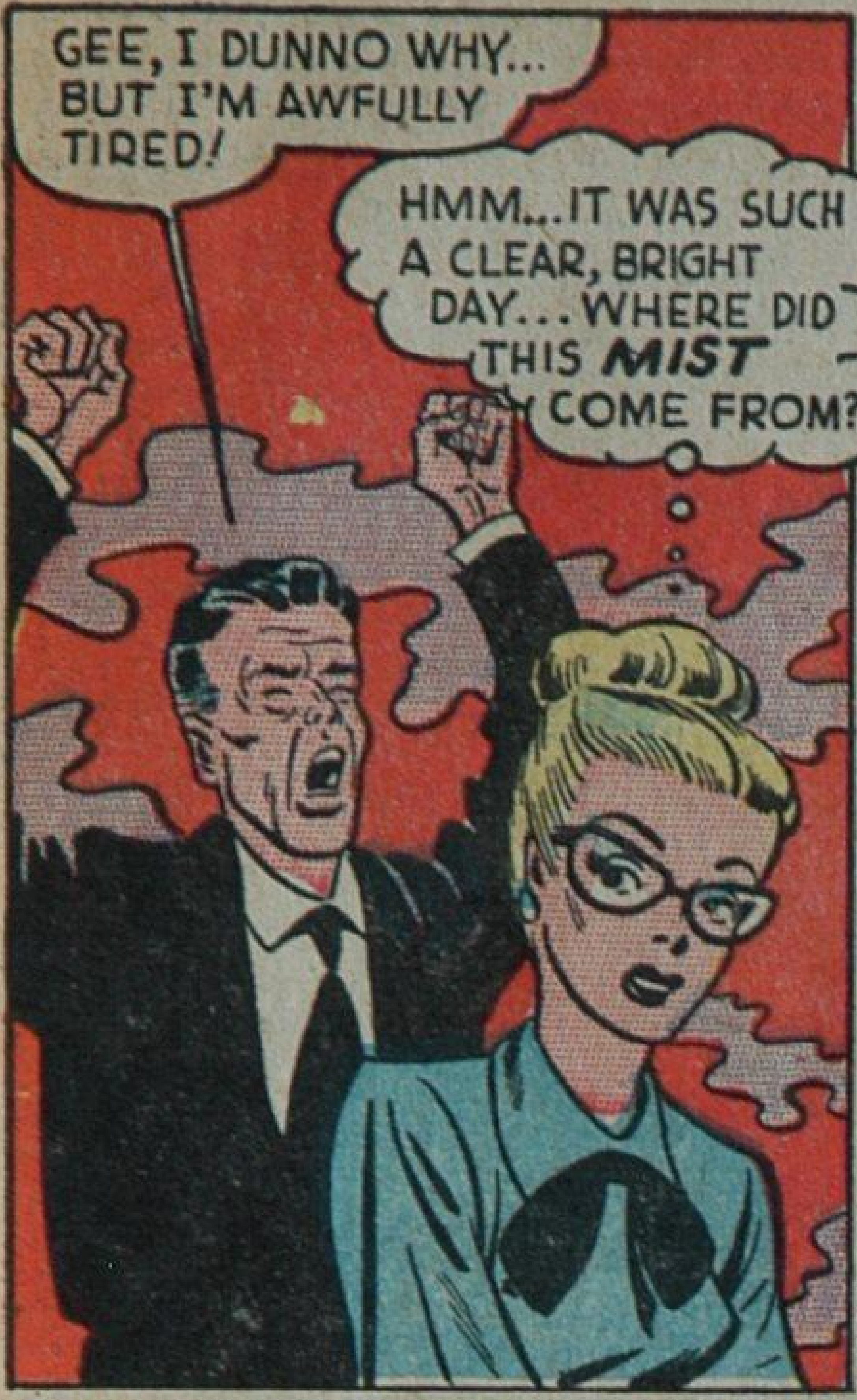
IGNATIUS STAYED HOME AND STUDIED---
NAW, IGNATIUS WOULDN'T PUT AWAY HIS BOOKS JUST TO PLAY BALL!
BOY, HE'S EITHER BATTY OR A GENIUS!
HOW CAN ANYONE PREFER STUDYING TO BASEBALL?
AND WHAT'S MORE, IGNATIUS ENJOYED IT!
NOW LET'S SEE! THE RADIOACTIVE FIELD ISN'T ALWAYS PRIMARILY RESPONSIVE TO ELECTRONIC PRESSURE!
IGNATIUS, SOME OF YOUR CLASSMATES ARE GIVING A PLAY, AND THEY WANT TO KNOW IF YOU WANT TO ACT IN IT!
THE ANSWER WAS ALWAYS THE SAME...
IGNATIUS WOULDN'T TEAR HIMSELF FROM HIS STUDIES FOR ANYTHING!
MOTHER, CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TOO BUSY TO BE BOTHERED WITH SUCH NONSENSE, WHILE I'M DELVING INTO ATOMIC COMPOSITION?
AND WHILE HIS CLASSMATES WENT TO DANCES...
...AND ROMANCED...
IGNATIUS WENT HIS MERRY WAY ALONE!
HA, AT LAST—I'VE MERGED TWO COMPOUNDS SUCCESSFULLY!
X-2 AZO

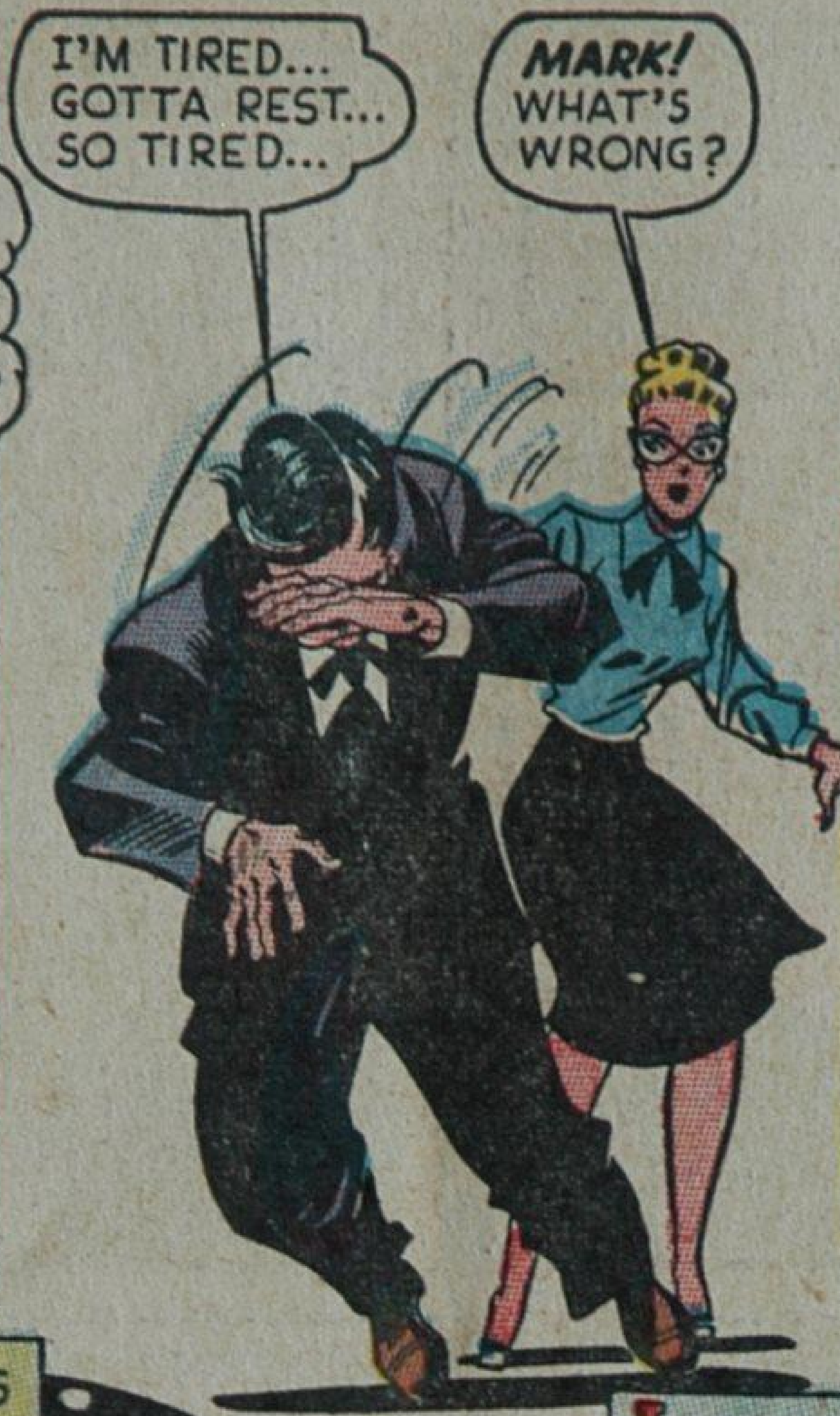
HE GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE AT THE AGE OF 18!
AND, I AM PROUD TO AWARD YOU THIS DIPLOMA, AND TO CONGRATULATE YOU FOR ATTAINING THE HIGHEST GRADES IN THE HISTORY OF THIS SCHOOL, IGNATIUS FOWLER!
A YEAR LATER, HE WAS HEAD OF THE LARGEST SCIENTIFIC ENGINEERING FIRM IN THE WORLD!
GOOD MORNING, MR. FOWLER, SIR!
HUMPH — GOOD MORNING!
FOWLER RESEARCH FOUNDATION
AND THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED WENT BY QUICKLY FOR IGNATIUS FOWLER, ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC MIND OF HIS TIME!
UNTIL ONE NIGHT...
LOOK UP THERE! THAT SCREWBALL IS STILL WORKING!
BOY, THERE MUST BE MILLIONS OF BUCKS WORTH OF RADIUM AND URANIUM IN THIS DUMP!
YEAH, DEY SAY HE NEVER LEAVES DIS PLACE! NOW WHY WOULD A GUY WID ALL HIS DOUGH STILL WOIK?
NO ADMITTANCE
SUDDENLY!
OUCH! I TRIPPED OVER SOMETHIN'!
AND IN FOWLER'S OFFICE...
WHAT IS THAT? GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S THE BURGLAR ALARM!
CLANG! CLANG!

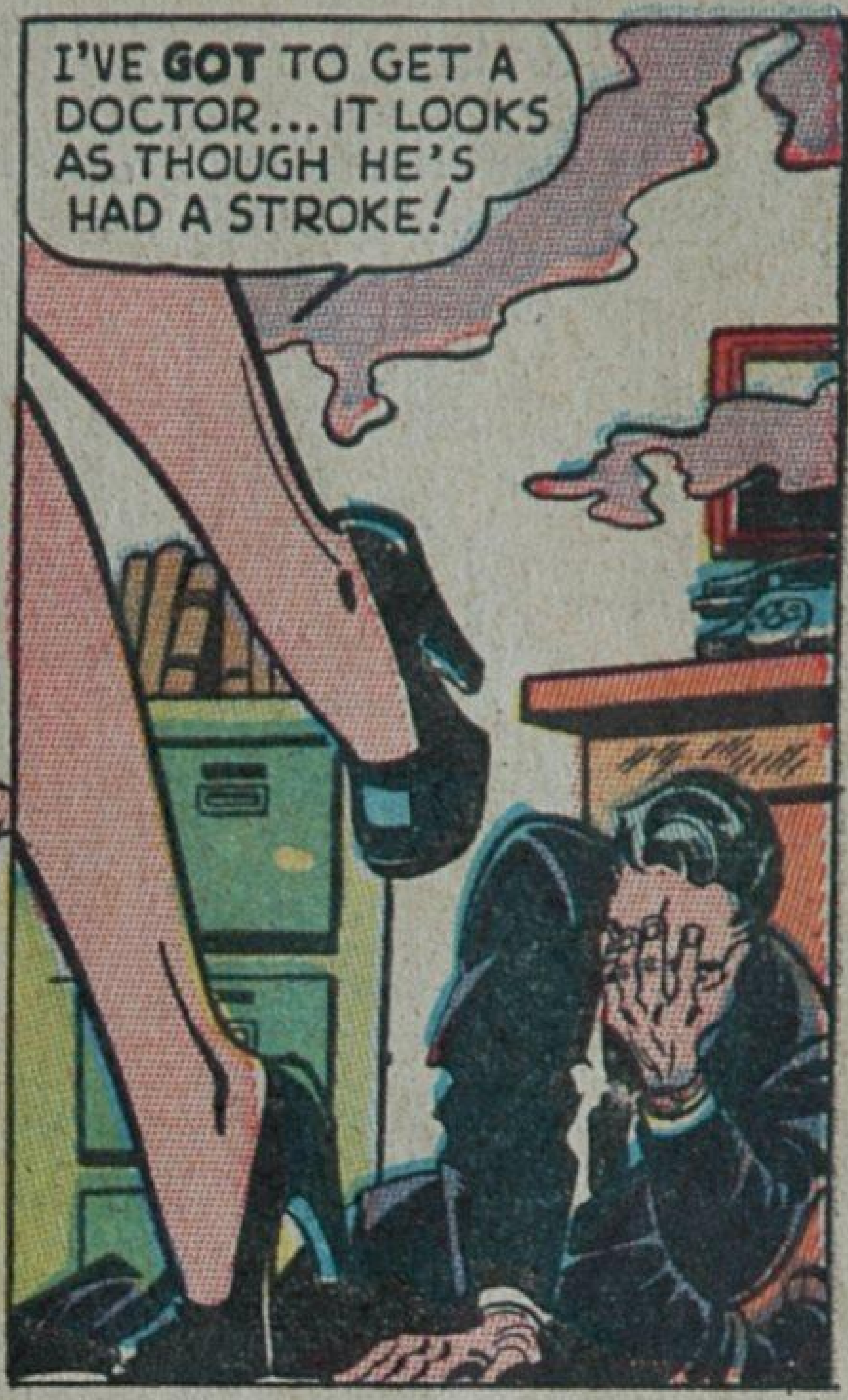
HOLY SMOKE! LISTEN TO THAT ALARM! WHAT'LL WE DO?
FOLLOW ME, QUICK! WE'LL KIDNAP FOWLER AND HOLD HIM HOSTAGE BEFORE THE COPS COME!
CLANG!
CLANG!
BUT FATE WORKS IN STRANGE WAYS! FOR, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE ONE PERSON IN THE WORLD THE THUGS WOULD LEAST WANT TO SEE, PASSES THE FOUNDATION GATES!
THAT'S AN ALARM RINGING!
UPSTAIRS...
THAT'S IT! WE'RE IN!
WH-WHO-ARE-Y-YOU-WHAT DO YOU WANT?
JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, CHUM, AND YOU WON'T BE HURT!
YOU'LL OPEN YOUR SAFE FOR US, IF YOU WANNA STAY HEALTHY, CHUM!
I-I CAN'T!
OH, YES, YOU CAN!
IT'S A GOOD THING I CAME BY JUST NOW!
ONCE THE SAFE IS OPEN, WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH RADIUM AND URANIUM TO MAKE US RICH FOR A LIFETIME!
BUT THE SAFE WON'T BE OPENED!
LOOK!
I DON'T LIKE POINTED GUNS! NOT WHEN THEY'RE POINTED AT ME!
THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
4
THE BLONDE PHANTOM! SHE'S — SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! UNBELIEVABLY BEAUTIFUL! I-I NEVER KNEW SUCH BEAUTIFUL CREATURES EXISTED!
SUDDENLY... UNEXPECTEDLY... STARTLINGLY... LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE, IGNATIUS FOWLER FALLS MADLY IN LOVE!

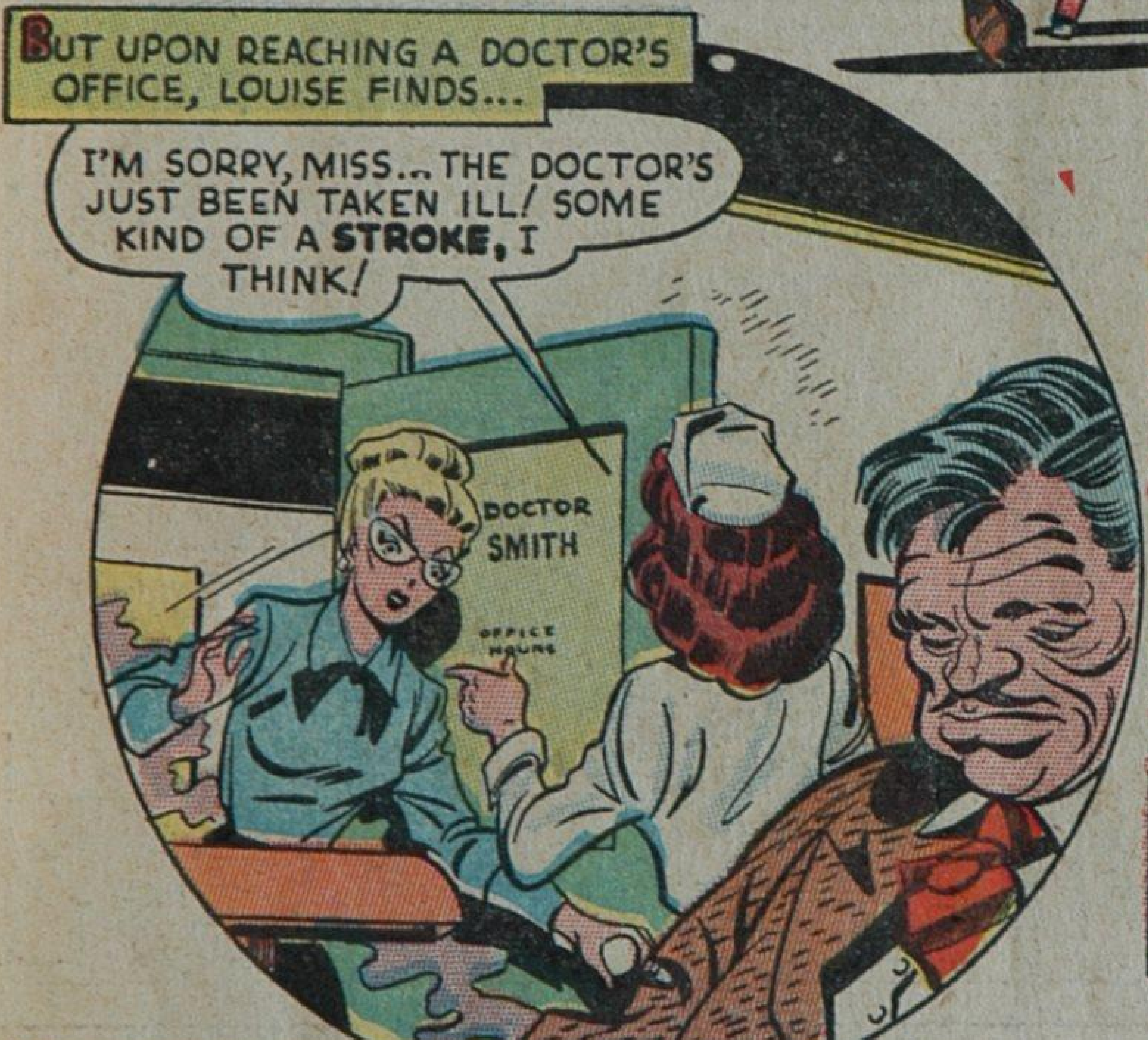
LATER, AFTER THE POLICE MOVE IN...
COME ON, YOU! MOVE!
WELL, MR. FOWLER, THERE ARE TWO MORE FOOLS WHO'LL REALIZE THAT YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!
YOU... YOU... YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL!
WELL, I... EH... THANK YOU VERY MUCH! I... AH... HAVE TO... AH... GO NOW! GOOD-BY!
WAIT! YOU MUSTN'T GO... YOU CAN'T GO... I... I LOVE YOU!
YOU... LOVE... ME?
YES! IT HAPPENED SUDDENLY! YOU'RE THE FIRST GIRL I'VE EVER FELT THIS WAY ABOUT! YOU MUST MARRY ME!
TEE HEE! EXCUSE ME FOR GIGGLING, MR. FOWLER, BUT YOU MUST REALIZE HOW RIDICULOUS THIS IS... YOU LOVE ME! OH, DEAR!
YOU'LL FEEL BETTER AFTER YOU'VE RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK OF THOSE THIEVES! GOOD-BY, MR. FOWLER!
POOR MR. FOWLER! IT WAS CRUEL TO LAUGH AT HIM! BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE HIM REALIZE HOW FOOLISH HE WAS! IMAGINE AN OLD MAN LIKE THAT THINKING HE'S IN LOVE WITH ME!
SHE LAUGHED AT ME— IGNATIUS FOWLER!
MAYBE I AM OLD... AND UGLY... BUT I CAN FEEL EMOTION... I CAN FEEL LOVE! MY BRAIN IS KEENER THAN THAT OF ANY MAN'S! MY POWER IS UNLIMITED! ALL THE SCIENCES ARE MINE!
5

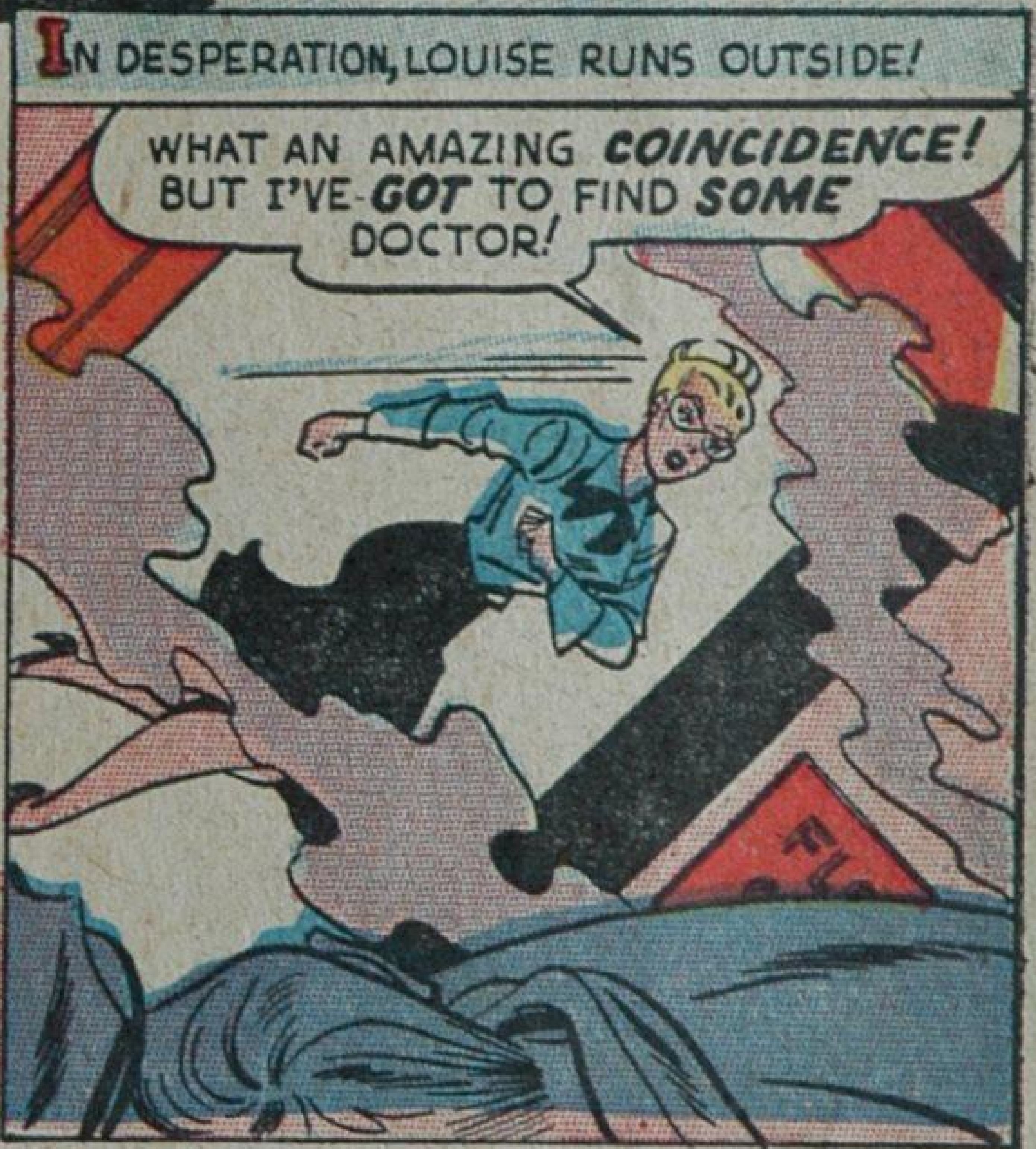
SO LONG AS THERE ARE YOUNG, HANDSOME, SWASHBUCKLING MEN ON EARTH, THE BLONDE PHANTOM WILL LAUGH AT ME!
AND SO, THE MOST HORRIBLE IDEA EVER CONCEIVED IS BORN!
BUT, SUPPOSE ONE DAY THERE WERE NO MEN! SUPPOSE I, IGNATIUS FOWLER, WERE THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD!
A FEW WEEKS LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF MARK MASON, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.
HELLO, MARK! I WONDERED WHEN YOU'D RETURN!
HI, LOUISE! WELL, THAT GLITTERBILT DIAMOND CASE IS FINALLY SOLVED! NOW, MAYBE WE CAN TAKE IT EASY FOR AWHILE!
LET ME HELP YOU OFF WITH YOUR COAT!
THANKS, LOUISE! Y'KNOW, IT'S FUNNY I HAVEN'T SEEN THE BLONDE PHANTOM LATELY!
OH, MARK, DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO THINK OF THE BLONDE PHANTOM WHEN I'M WITH YOU? WON'T YOU EVER SEE HOW MUCH IN LOVE WITH YOU LOUISE GRANT IS?
SUDDENLY, THE SHARP EYES OF THE BLONDE SECRETARY NOTICE SOMETHING!
MARK! WHAT'S THAT HAZE? IS IT SMOKE? MAYBE THE BUILDING IS ON FIRE!
DON'T BE SILLY, LOUISE! THIS IS A FIREPROOF BUILDING... IT'S JUST MIST DRIFTING IN!

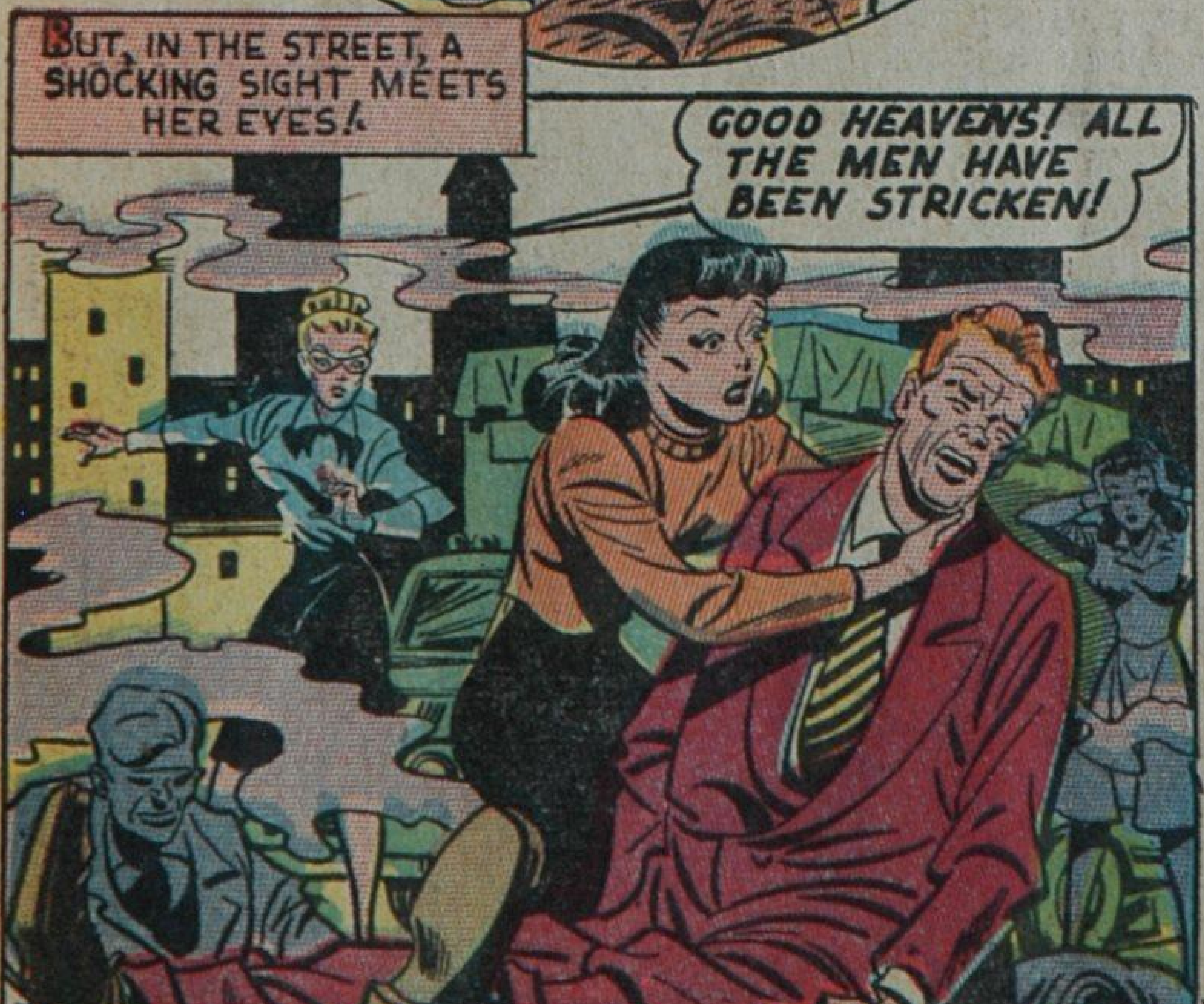

GEE, I DUNNO WHY... BUT I'M AWFULLY TIRED!
HMM...IT WAS SUCH A CLEAR, BRIGHT DAY... WHERE DID THIS MIST COME FROM?

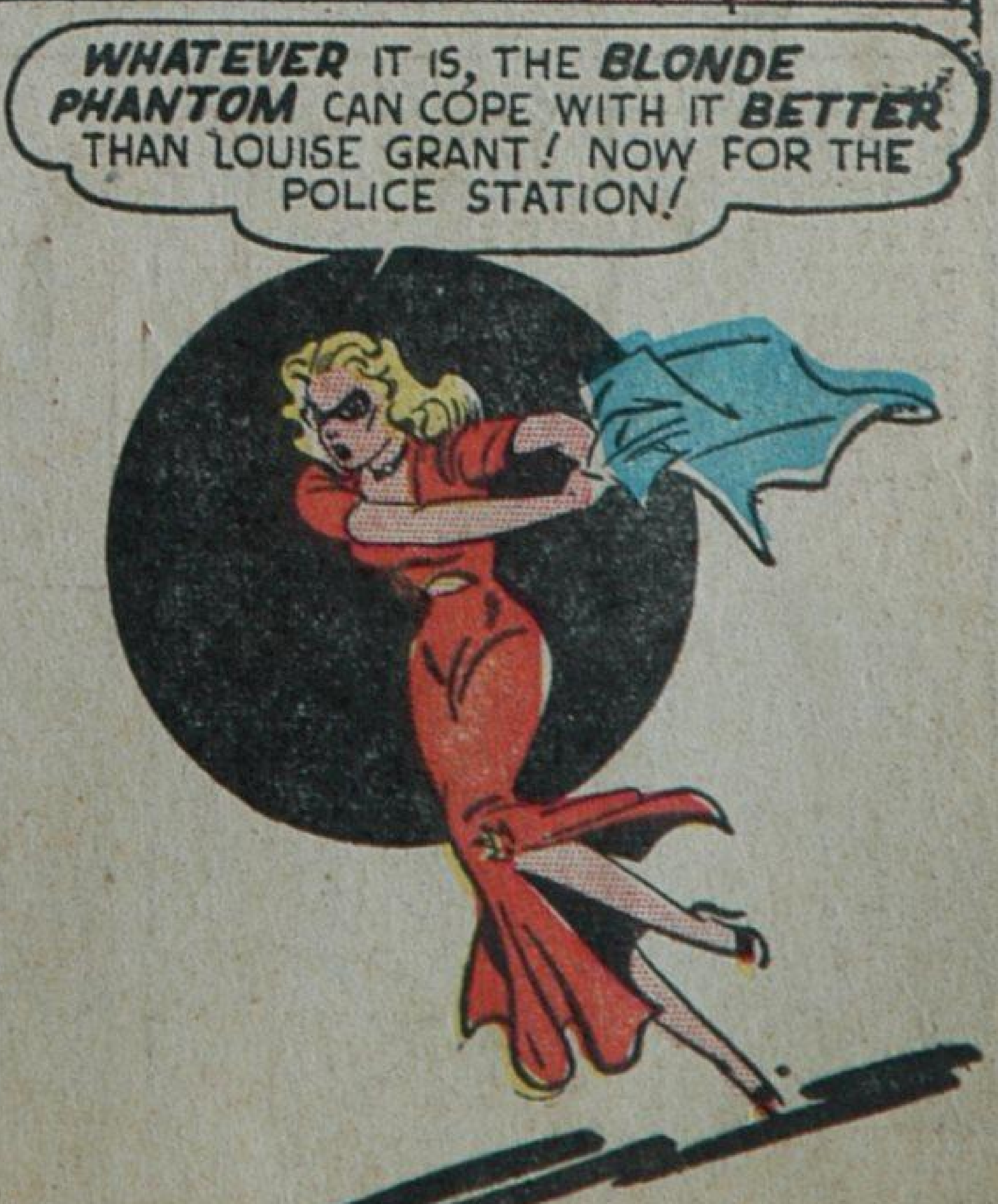

I'M TIRED... GOTTA REST... SO TIRED...
MARK! WHAT'S WRONG?


I'VE GOT TO GET A DOCTOR... IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S HAD A STROKE!

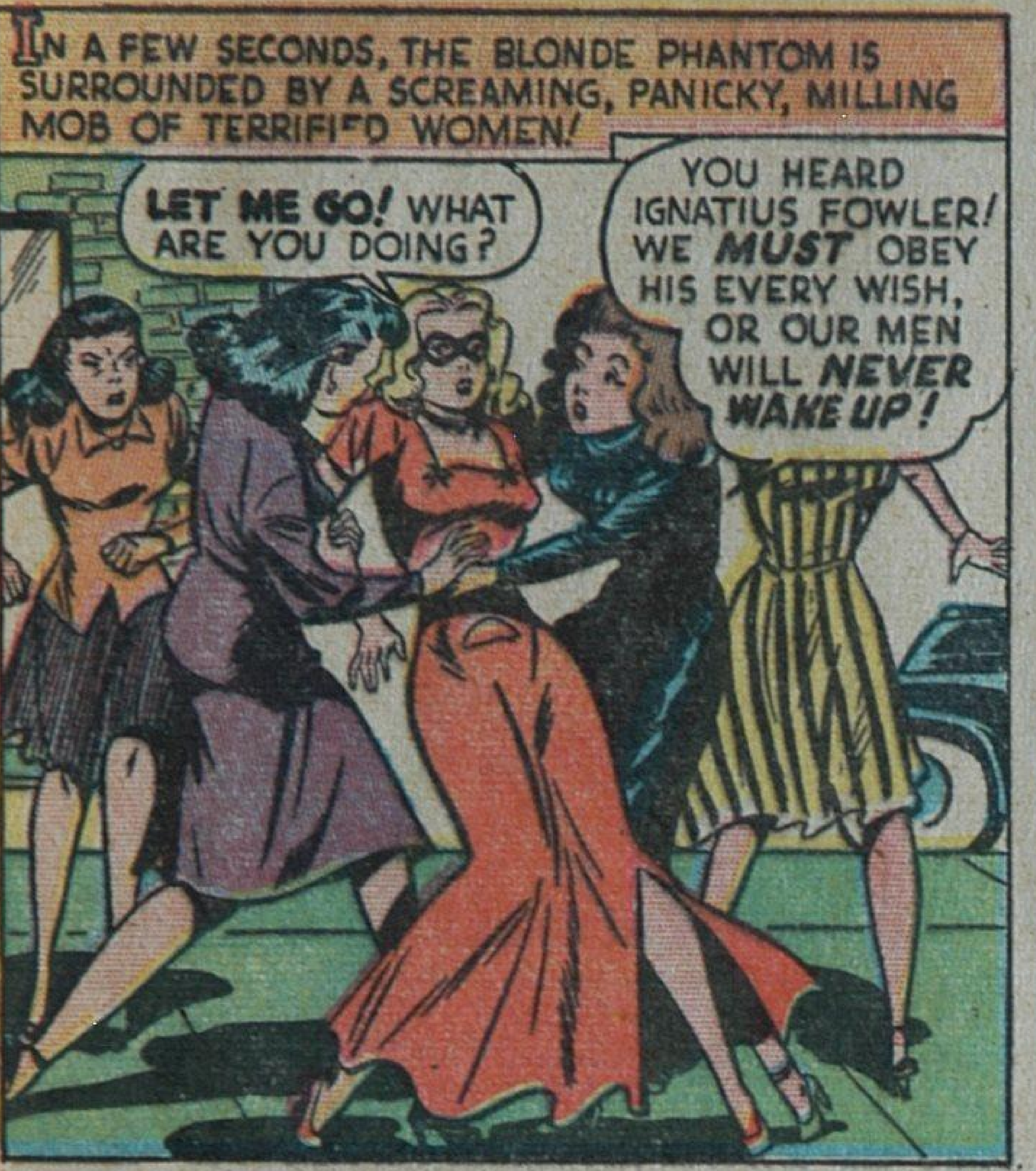

BUT UPON REACHING A DOCTOR'S OFFICE, LOUISE FINDS...
I'M SORRY, MISS... THE DOCTOR'S JUST BEEN TAKEN ILL! SOME KIND OF A STROKE, I THINK!
DOCTOR SMITH
OFFICE HOURS

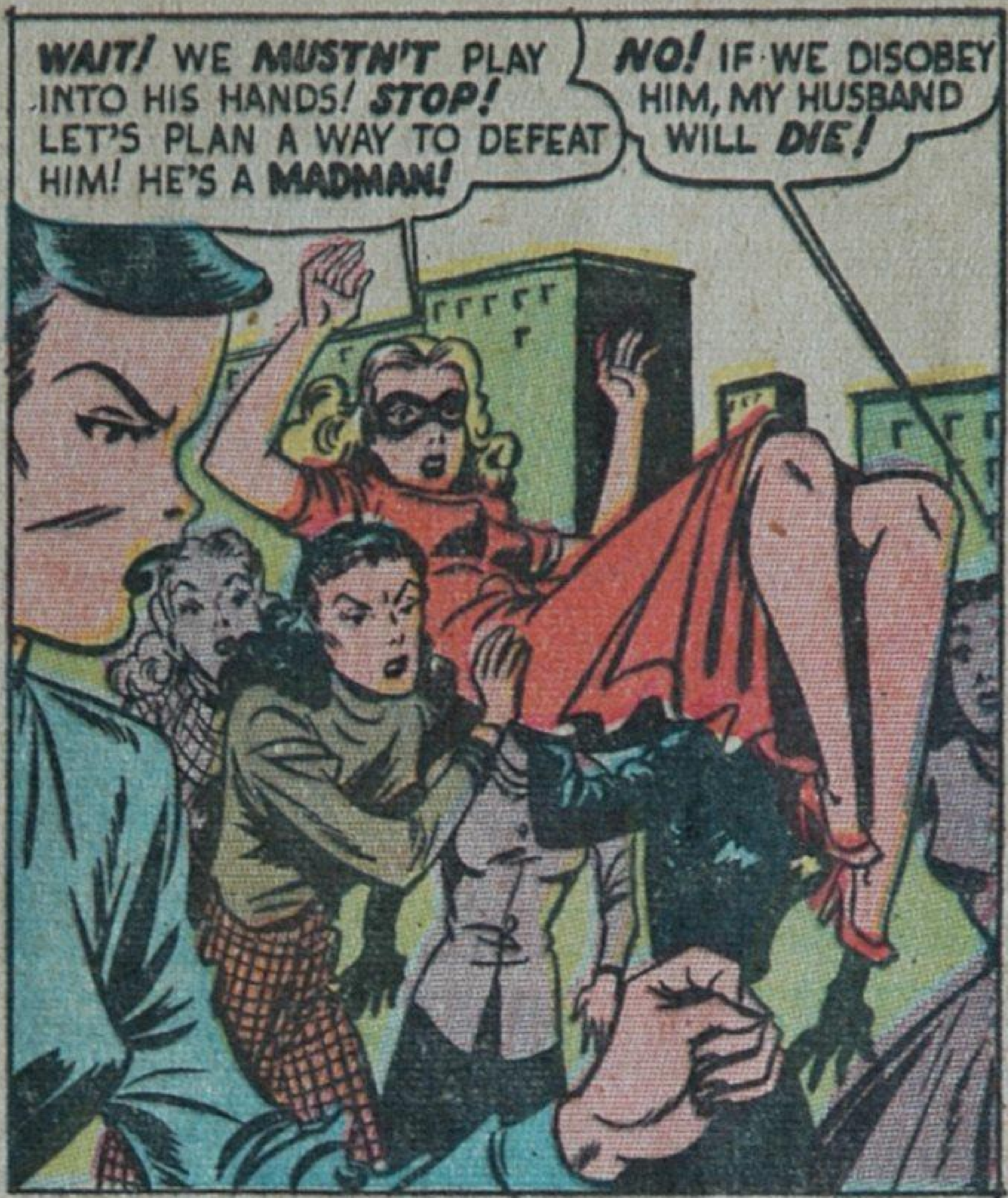

IN DESPERATION, LOUISE RUNS OUTSIDE!
WHAT AN AMAZING COINCIDENCE! BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME DOCTOR!

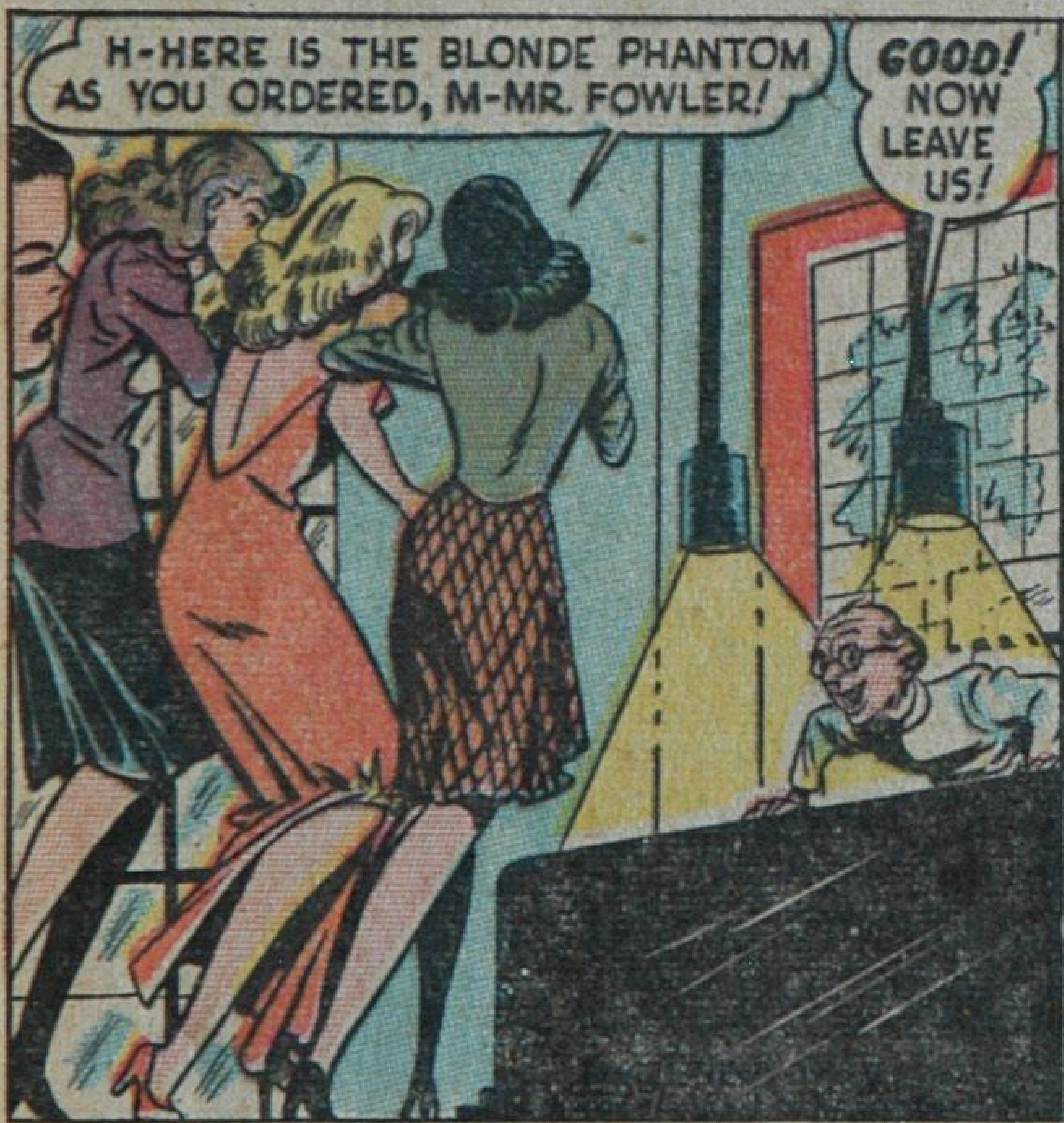

BUT, IN THE STREET, A SHOCKING SIGHT MEETS HER EYES!
GOOD HEAVENS! ALL THE MEN HAVE BEEN STRICKEN!

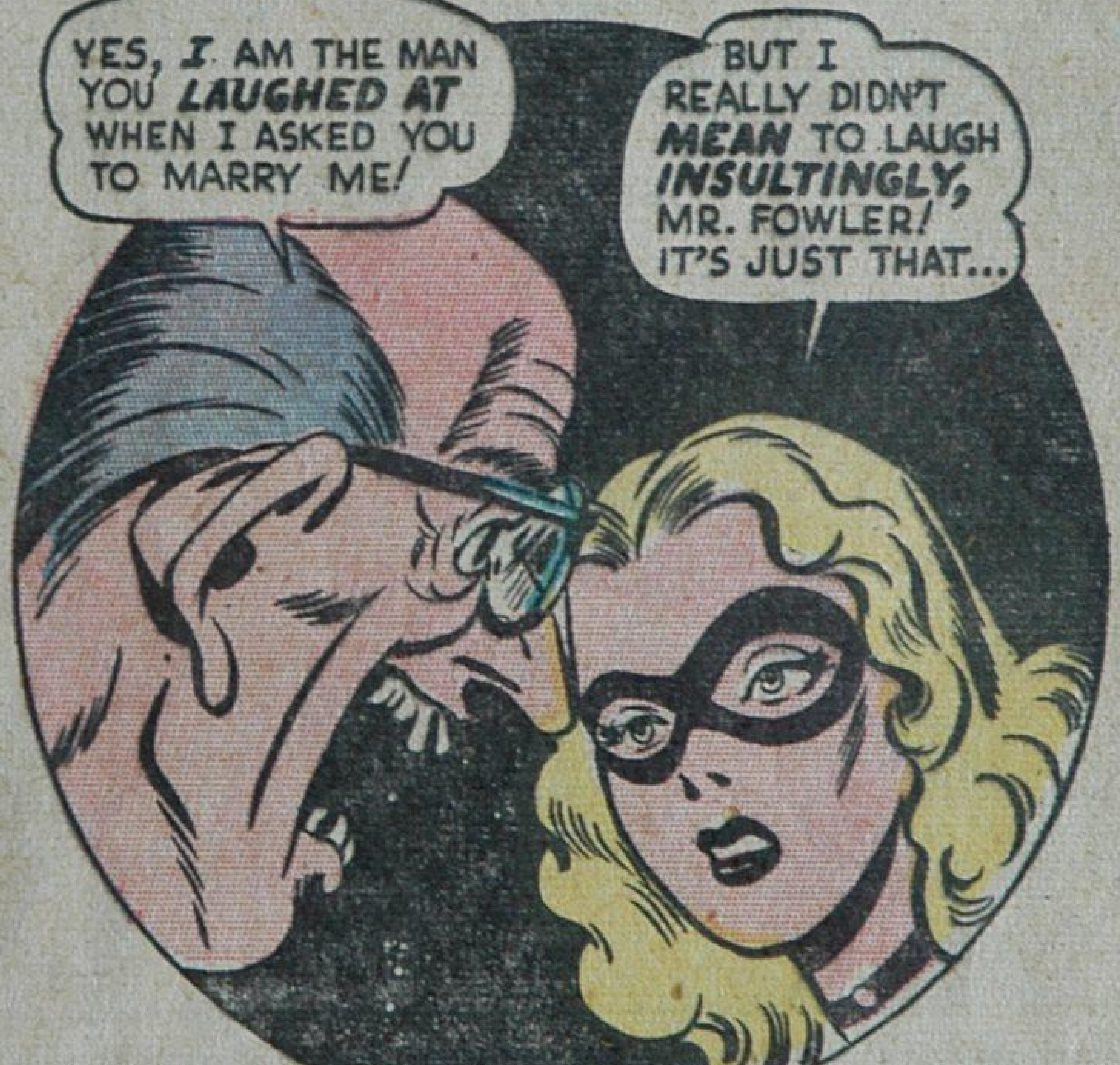

WHATEVER IT IS, THE BLONDE PHANTOM CAN COPE WITH IT BETTER THAN LOUISE GRANT! NOW FOR THE POLICE STATION!

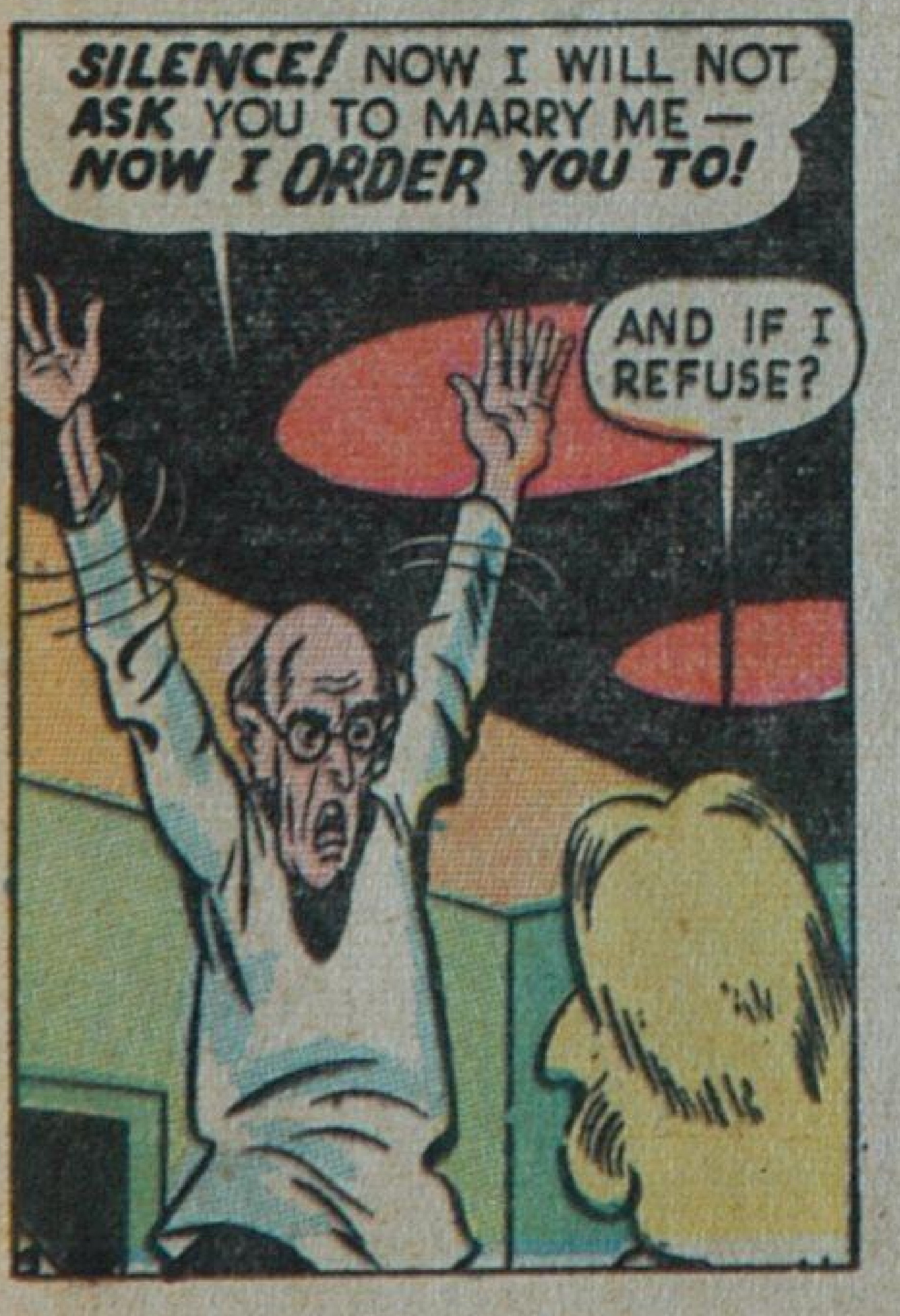
THE POLICE, TOO, ARE UNCONSCIOUS! WHAT CAN HAVE HAPPENED?
AND OUTSIDE!
ATTENTION, WOMEN! I, IGNATIUS FOWLER, INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A MESSAGE FROM THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD--MYSELF!
WHAT'S THAT?
SPEAKING INTO THE MOST POWERFUL MICROPHONE EVER BUILT, IGNATIUS FOWLER BROADCASTS HIS GREAT SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH!
YOU HAVE NOTICED BY NOW THAT ALL MEN, ALL OVER THE WORLD, ARE UNCONSCIOUS! I, IGNATIUS FOWLER, HAVE PUT THEM ALL TO SLEEP WITH MY GREATEST DISCOVERY, THE MIST OF SLEEP— AND ONLY I HAVE THE MEANS OF WAKING THEM UP!
BUT I SHALL WAKEN THE WORLD'S MEN IF IT PLEASES ME— AND WHEN IT PLEASES ME! REMEMBER, YOU WOMEN MUST SEE TO IT THAT NO HARM EVER COMES TO ME— FOR IF IT DOES, YOUR MEN WILL NEVER AWAKEN— ONLY I CAN AWAKEN THEM!
NOW, I WANT THE BLONDE PHANTOM BROUGHT TO MY OFFICE AT ONCE! OBEY ME, OR I WILL NEVER REVIVE YOUR MEN!
IGNATIUS FOWLER! THAT'S THE MAN WHOSE FACTORY I SAVED FROM THE ROBBERS! HE MUST HAVE GONE MAD!
THERE SHE IS! THERE'S THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
RADIO

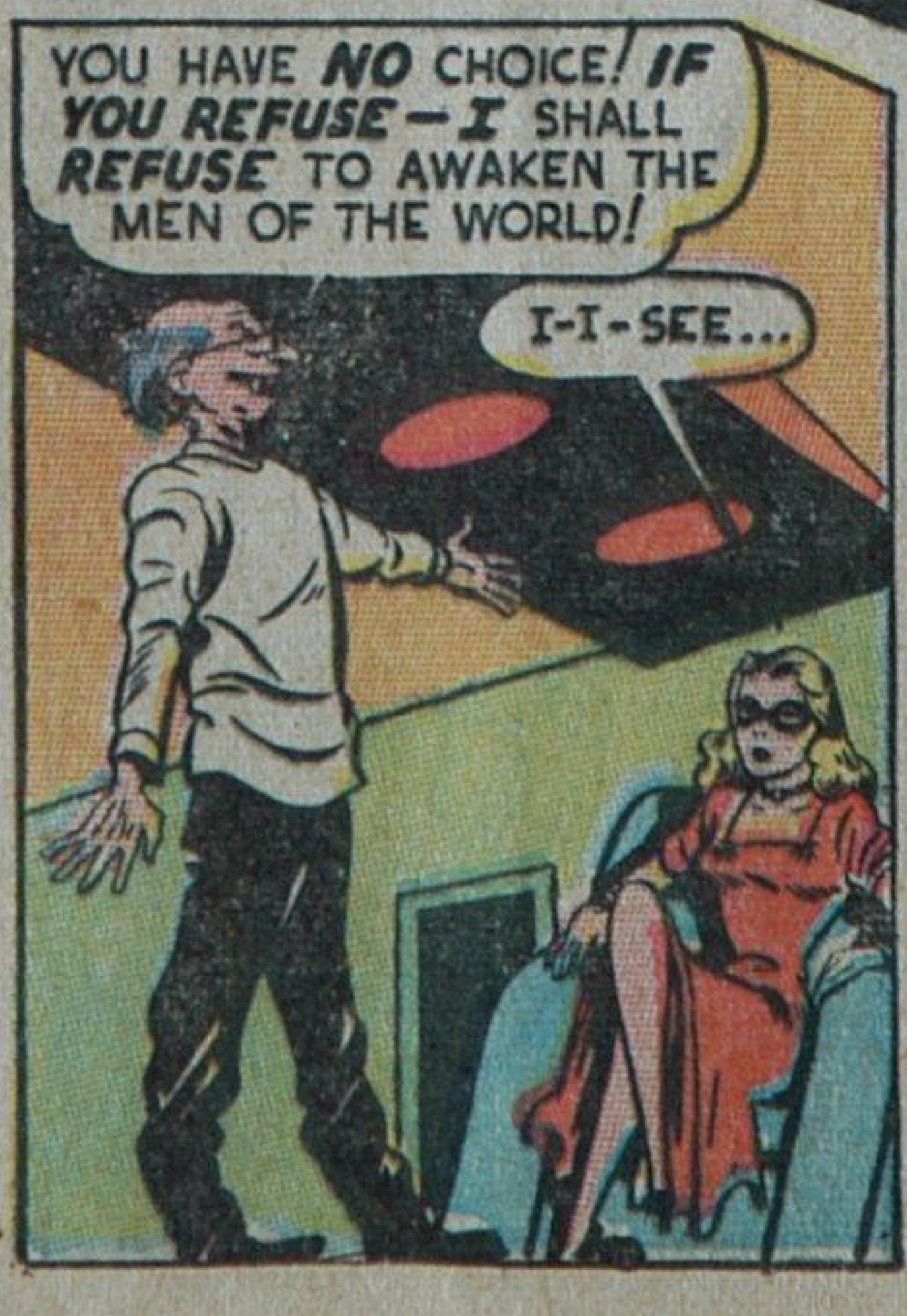

IN A FEW SECONDS, THE BLONDE PHANTOM IS SURROUNDED BY A SCREAMING, PANICKY, MILLING MOB OF TERRIFIED WOMEN!
LET ME GO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
YOU HEARD IGNATIUS FOWLER! WE MUST OBEY HIS EVERY WISH, OR OUR MEN WILL NEVER WAKE UP!

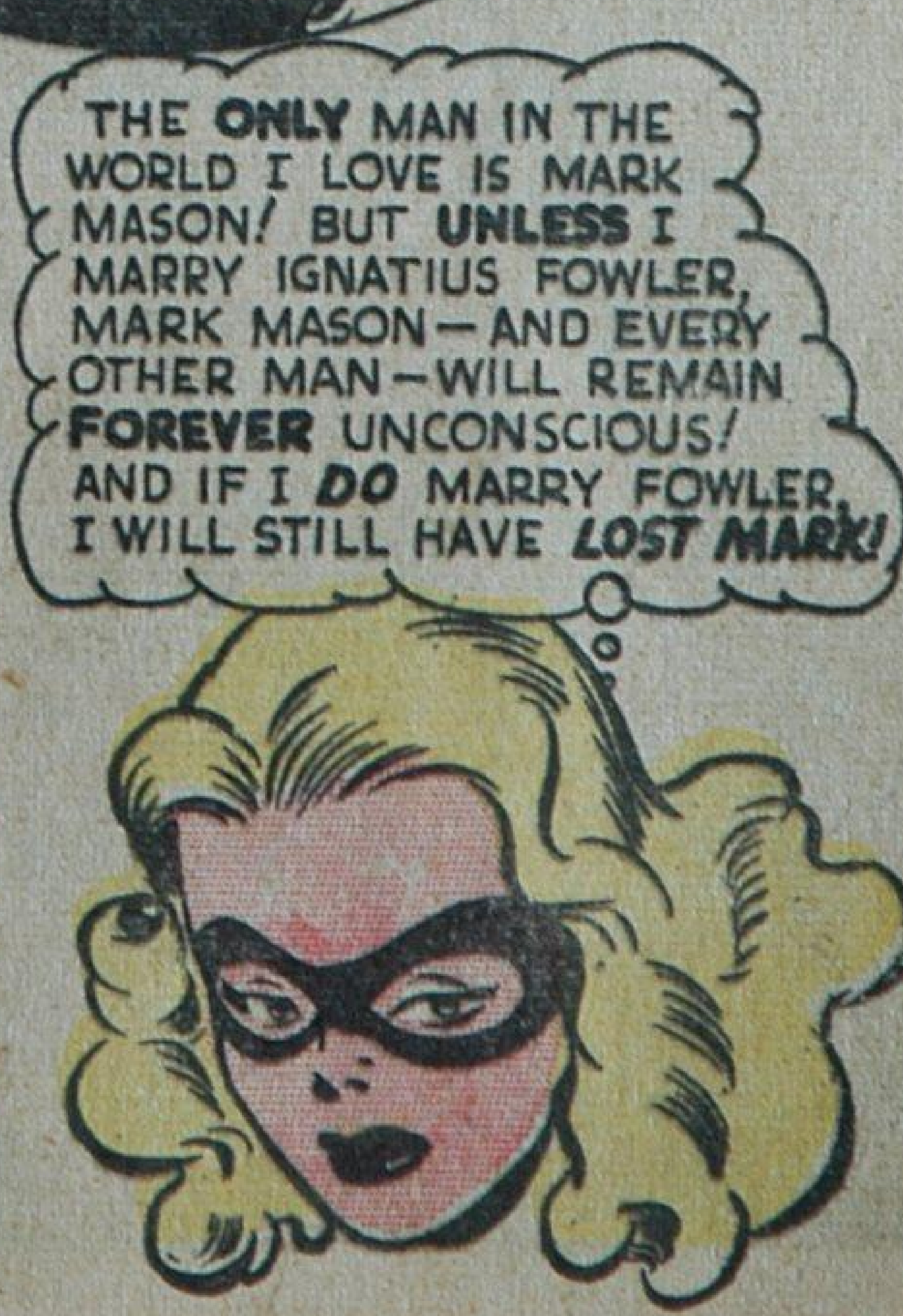

WAIT! WE MUSTN'T PLAY INTO HIS HANDS! STOP! LET'S PLAN A WAY TO DEFEAT HIM! HE'S A MADMAN!
NO! IF WE DISOBEY HIM, MY HUSBAND WILL DIE!


H-HERE IS THE BLONDE PHANTOM AS YOU ORDERED, M-MR. FOWLER!
GOOD! NOW LEAVE US!


YES, I AM THE MAN YOU LAUGHED AT WHEN I ASKED YOU TO MARRY ME!
BUT I REALLY DIDN'T MEAN TO LAUGH INSULTINGLY, MR. FOWLER! IT'S JUST THAT...


SILENCE! NOW I WILL NOT ASK YOU TO MARRY ME — NOW I ORDER YOU TO!
AND IF I REFUSE?


YOU HAVE NO CHOICE! IF YOU REFUSE — I SHALL REFUSE TO AWAKEN THE MEN OF THE WORLD!
I-I-SEE...


THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD I LOVE IS MARK MASON! BUT UNLESS I MARRY IGNATIUS FOWLER, MARK MASON — AND EVERY OTHER MAN — WILL REMAIN FOREVER UNCONSCIOUS! AND IF I DO MARRY FOWLER, I WILL STILL HAVE LOST MARK!

BEFORE I GIVE YOU MY ANSWER, PROFESSOR FOWLER, *HOW* DID YOU PERFORM THIS MIRACLE? *HOW* DID YOU RENDER EVERY MAN IN THE WORLD UNCONSCIOUS?
CHILD'S PLAY, MY DEAR!
FOLLOW ME!
INSIDE OF THAT VAT IS MY ***MIST OF SLEEP!*** IT IS THE GAS I HAVE INVENTED WHICH WILL ***ONLY AFFECT MEN!***
FOR DAYS, MY ROBOT-POWERED BALLOONS HAVE DRIFTED HIGH ABOVE THE SKIES OF **EVERY** CONTINENT ON EARTH—AND, AT THE RIGHT MOMENT, I PRESSED A BUTTON, **RELEASING** MY **GAS**—GAS WHICH COVERED THE **WORLD!**
AND IN THAT VAT OVER THERE IS A GAS WHICH WILL ***REVIVE*** THE WORLD'S MALES—***WHEN*** I DECIDE TO USE IT! ONLY A **THIMBLEFUL** WOULD BE ENOUGH FOR THE ENTIRE EARTH—IT SPREADS LIKE LIGHTNING!
THAT GAS OVER THERE? HMM... AND THE ROBOT BALLOONS—WHERE ARE ***THEY?***
RIGHT THERE—IN MY HANGAR—FOR WHEN I CHOOSE TO USE THEM!
HMMM... VERY INTERESTING!
AND NOW, MY BEAUTIFUL—**WAIT—STOP!**
THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION, IGNATIUS—I CAN **USE** IT!

NOW TO GET SOME OF **THIS** GAS! AH, THIS TEST TUBE'LL DO THE TRICK!
YOU TRICKED ME! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS! I'LL DESTROY THE GAS! THEN I **WILL ALWAYS** BE THE **ONLY MAN** IN THE WORLD!
THE GAS IN THIS ROOM WILL DISSOLVE ***BEFORE*** IT HITS THE OUTSIDE AIR — THE TEMPERATURE IN HERE WILL MAKE IT ***USELESS! THERE!***
TOO BAD YOU LET ME GET ***THIS*** TEST-TUBE FILLED FIRST!
WAIT! COME BACK! DON'T GO **OUTSIDE** WITH THAT!
FOWLER PLAYS A TRUMP CARD! HE SHOUTS A COMMAND TO THE TERRIFIED WOMEN..
STOP HER! STOP HER! OR ELSE YOUR MEN DIE!
OH-OH!
GET HER! WE **MUST** STOP HER!
DON'T — ***DON'T*** TRY TO STOP ME — I'M TRYING TO **HELP** YOU!
ANOTHER FEW MOMENTS, AND I'LL BE SAFE!
STOP HER BEFORE FOWLER KILLS OUR MEN!
MADE IT!
SLAM
BREAK DOWN THE DOOR, AND ***STOP*** HER! SHE'S GONE ***MAD!*** SHE'S TRYING TO DESTROY THE GAS WHICH WILL **REVIVE** YOUR MEN!
QUICKLY! ALL TOGETHER — BREAK IT DOWN! ***KILL THE BLONDE PHANTOM!***

I'VE **GOT** TO SEND THESE BALLOONS OFF **BEFORE** THEY BREAK DOWN THE DOOR! THEY'LL **NEVER** BELIEVE ME — THEY'LL **DESTROY** THE BALLOONS IF FOWLER TELLS THEM TO!
THERE — THE BALLOONS ARE **FULL** OF GAS — NOW TO SEND THEM OFF!
OUTSIDE THE HANGAR, IGNATIUS FOWLER BEGINS TO GET HYSTERICAL AS HE SEES HIS MANIACAL PLAN GOING AWRY!
BREAK DOWN THAT DOOR! BREAK IT DOWN, OR YOUR MEN WILL PERISH!
W-WE CAN'T! IT'S MADE OF STEEL! IT **WON'T** BUDGE!
HERE — USE ***THIS!*** IT'S THE MOST POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE I'VE EVER CONCOCTED! IT WILL DESTROY THE WHOLE HANGAR, AND **WHATEVER** IS INSIDE!
SUDDENLY, LIKE COMETS, THE ROCKET-PROPELLED BALLOONS ZOOM INTO THE SKIES!
SHE'S DONE IT! SHE'S RELEASED THE BALLOONS! THE MEN WILL BE SAVED! THAT MEANS THAT I CAN ***NEVER*** HAVE THE ***BLONDE PHANTOM*** — BUT NEITHER SHALL ANYONE ELSE! IF ***I*** CAN'T HAVE HER, I'LL LET HER ***PERISH!***
INSIDE...
PHEW! IT'S OVER! IN A FEW SECONDS, THOSE BALLOONS WILL DROP THEIR GAS AND THE MEN WILL ***AWAKEN!***
12

BUT THE FEAR-CRAZED WOMEN, UNAWARE OF WHAT HAPPENED, CONTINUE THEIR EFFORTS TO DESTROY THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
THAT'S IT—LIGHT THE FUSE! HEH-HEH! THAT'S IT!
KNOWING IT MEANS HER DOOM, THE BLONDE PHANTOM STAYS IN THE HANGAR, HELD THERE BY A SENSE OF DUTY, AND A SACRED TRUST!
I CAN HEAR THEM OUTSIDE... THEY'RE GOING TO BLOW UP THE HANGAR! BUT I CAN'T OPEN THE DOOR! IF I DO, FOWLER MAY RACE IN TO THE CONTROLS AND TURN THE BALLOONS BACK!
BUT JUST THEN, A MIST DRIFTS DOWN AMONG THE CROWD!
ALL RIGHT, YOU FOOL—STAY THERE—STAY THERE AND DIE! NEVER AGAIN WILL YOU LAUGH AT IGNATIUS FOWLER!
AND, A FEW SECONDS LATER...
STOP! DESTROY THAT FUSE! HOLD FOWLER!
LOOK! THE MEN! THEY'VE RECOVERED!
IT TOOK ONLY A SECOND FOR THE GAS TO REVIVE US!
AND, AFTER THE MEN BATTER DOWN THE DOOR...
BLONDE PHANTOM—YOU'VE SAVED THE... OH, SHE'S FAINTED!
MARK, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! OOOOHHH!
NEXT DAY...
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE THE BLONDE PHANTOM DID IT AGAIN, LOUISE! Y'KNOW, I ALMOST CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THAT GUY, FOWLER! THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHAT A GUY IN LOVE WILL DO!
OH, MARK—YOU'RE SO RIGHT!
EXTRA DAILY 1¢ GRAPH
FOWLER SENT TO ASYLUM
SPLASH!
THE END

THE BIG JOKE

JOE TERRIS, who wasn't very smart—too many punches taken in the ring had seen to that—heard Mr. Davis offer the people of Bel Cay five-thousand-dollars for the largest moray eel captured. But he couldn't make out what all the fuss was about. Somebody was yelling, "It isn't worth it. They're worse than sharks, those things. I'm not risking my neck for any five-thousand."

Apparently it was a take-it-or-leave-it proposition with Mr. Davis, however, because he had then walked away to make arrangements for the transportation of his newest specimen to the stateside "Oceanarium." The month before, it was a shark he had wanted, and the month before that, an octopus. Joe sighed, wishing that there were some way he could make money besides digging clams. Five-thousand-dollars was a lot of greenbacks! With it, he could buy that nice new rowboat in Tyler's store, and get a new roof on the shanty.

Bill Dugan pulled out of the crowd, grinning to himself. He saw Joe bending over to tie his shoe and gave him a customary boot in the stern. Joe jumped with a yelp, thinking how nice it would be to plaster this wise guy one.

Laughing at his outraged expression, Bill said, "I suppose you're going after the moray too, hey, Joe?" The question made the little guy forget he was sore about the kick.

"Yeah," he answered. "What's a moray, Bill? I wanna get one. Golly, I could use that money. What're they like?"

Bill nudged his companion. "Well," he drew outlines with his hands, "they're sort of pink, with little wings like birds. When you see them head on, they look like angel fish—but from the side they look more like butterflies."

Joe took it all in, his eyes wide with astonishment. "Yeah? Gosh . . . and how do you catch 'em?"

"With a net, just like butterflies. You go down holding a rock in one hand and the net in the other, and when you see a moray—zippo—you snare him."

Joe let out a big grin. "I'm going to get me one of those. You'll see, I'll win that five-thousand-dollars, yes, sir!"

Watching him stalk off, Bill and his friend broke into a roar of laughter. "Wings like birds . . HA, HA . . butterflies . . . WOW! What a sap. If he ever saw a moray he'd die of fright. The other day I saw one in the rocks off the cove that was a whopper. A good 15 feet long, and green as they come. He had a mouth on him like a horse. Well, let's see about rigging up a steel net. We'll need it . . not that we'll have much competition, though. Nobody seems very eager."

He was right there. Only three other men came out of the crowd and headed for their boats. Apparently nobody wanted to risk an encounter with the vicious moray in only a diving helmet. If a full suit was available it wouldn't be so bad, but the only decent diving gear belonged to Bill Dugan, and he wasn't lending it out for anything. He and his friend George found the net they needed, and collected their gear in the bottom of the trawler, then set out for the cove. Behind them a few of the hardier souls changed their minds at the last minute and climbed into their boats, too. As Joe said, five-thousand was a lot of money.

Joe, meanwhile, spent the next few hours fixing up an old barrel hoop with some lace curtains he had picked up in a junk pile, until he had a

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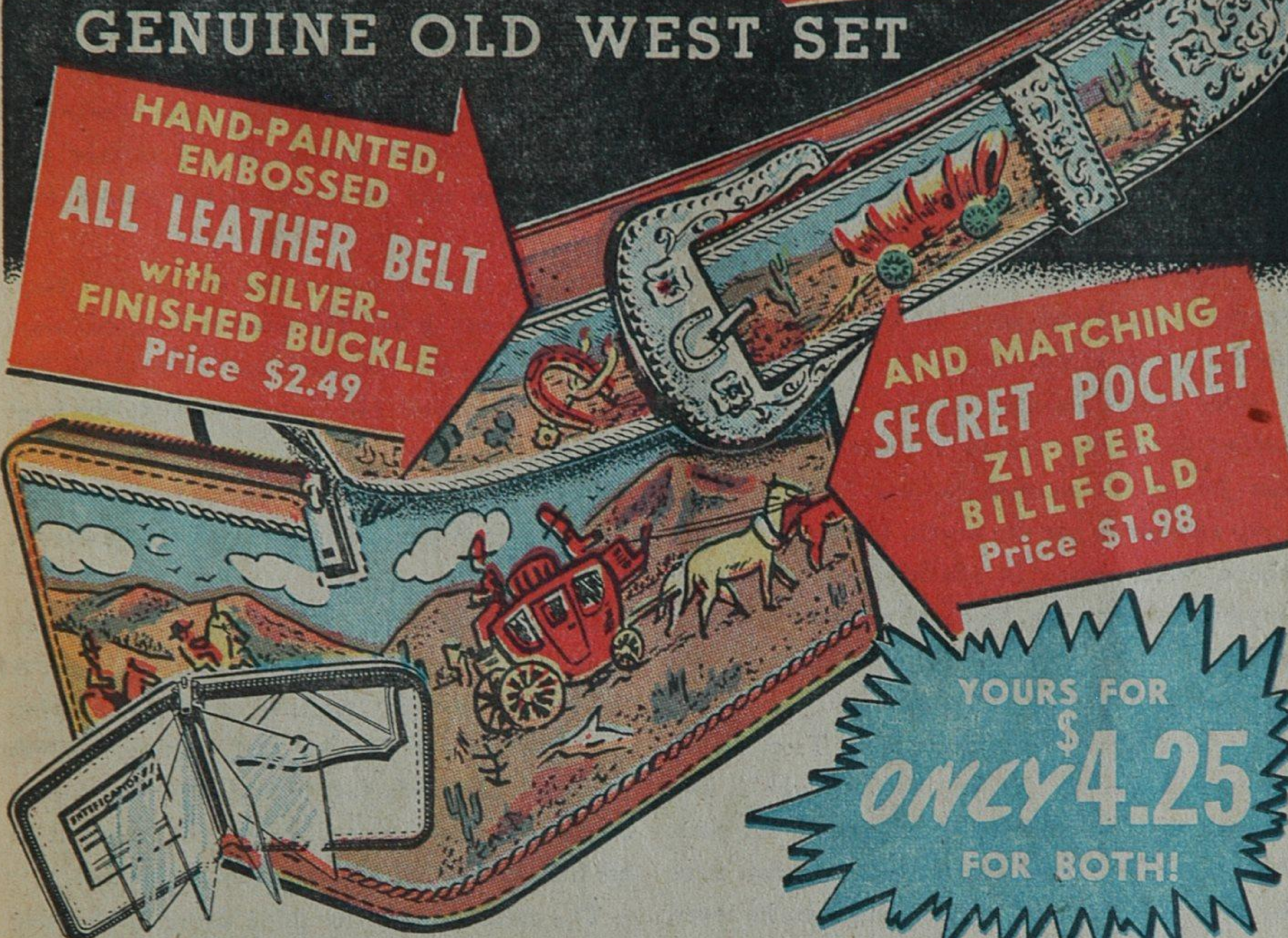

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butterfly net that seemed to satisfy him. He smiled to himself and prepared to go moray hunting, visualizing in his mind a fish with little wings like birds. He pulled his rowboat into the water, filled the tank of the one cylinder motor on the bottom with gas from a tomato can, and turned it on. It kicked into life, wheezing and puffing—but air managed to pump through the hose of his diving helmet nevertheless. He held the hose under to check it for leaks, and satisfied, shut the motor and pushed off. When he thought he was in deep enough water, he adjusted the helmet and started up the engine again.

Most people thought he was nuttier than he looked for diving without a tender on his lines, but Joe wasn't worried because he never went deep enough to get the bends. His usual reward, clams, were always in shallow water where, if anything went wrong, he could remove his helmet and kick to the surface. He pulled a rock from the boat and went over the side.

Gee, it's pretty here, he thought. Tropical fish swam in front of his face blowing bubbles into the water, while crabs scuttled out of his path. He scanned the area carefully—but no fish came by with little wings. After five minutes, however, a lot of other things swam by, looking him over out of curiosity, and generally getting in the way.

He shooed the foot-long face that was peering over his shoulder into the corals by waving his net at it, but the thing kept coming back for a better look. Joe saw what he thought might be a fish with bird wings, but it turned out to be a small grouper holding another fish in its mouth. Disgusted, Joe continued his search.

Every few minutes the thing that seemed to be all tail would circle the corals and swim around his head, making toothy faces at the butterfly net that waved in front of it. Joe wished he'd go away.

He had hardly taken another step when he saw what he was after. The moray! Yep, that was it, all right. Little wings stuck out from its sides just like Bill said, and it was a beauty, too. He crept up on it, his net ready, and just as he was about to snare it, that long green thing swirled passed and swallowed it in one gulp. Joe was about to blow up inside his helmet. He lashed out with the net, throwing it around the slimy head. The thing backed off, its teeth entangled in the mesh. Somehow the net tangled with the diving rock and the thing squirmed itself into a snarl. Disgusted, Joe kicked himself to the surface and swam to the side of the boat. He wanted that rope back.

On the shore a commotion was in full play. Bill's boat was in and Davis was waving his arms excitedly over the live catch box it towed. So Bill had won. Oh well. He tied the rope to the boat and rowed to shore, the thing still beating the water to foam whenever it touched the surface. But it couldn't get out of the snare it had caught itself in.

It was tough going with that drag, but Joe hauled on the oars until he reached the dock. A lot of people were laughing at him and firing questions his way, but Joe said nothing. He was too tired. He made fast to a pillar, then, with a determined look, picked up an axe, stuck it in his belt, and began hauling away on his line.

The next second, the thing came up fighting—and the dock went into an uproar. Davis shouted the loudest and Bill almost fell into the water. "He got one! He got a moray and lookit the size of it! The biggest I ever saw!" While Joe looked puzzled, some men hauled the squirming thing out of the water and dropped it into a live tank after carefully removing the net and rope. When Bill saw the net on its head, he walked weakly away. Everybody tried to shake his hands at once and Mr. Davis insisted on giving him the five-thousand-dollars.

"But what for, Mr. Davis?" Joe asked. He didn't understand.

"For the moray eel you caught. What a specimen. What a honey!"

Joe scratched his head. "Well, if that's the way you want it, Mr. Davis, okay. But that can't be a moray eel. It hasn't got any wings!"

THE END

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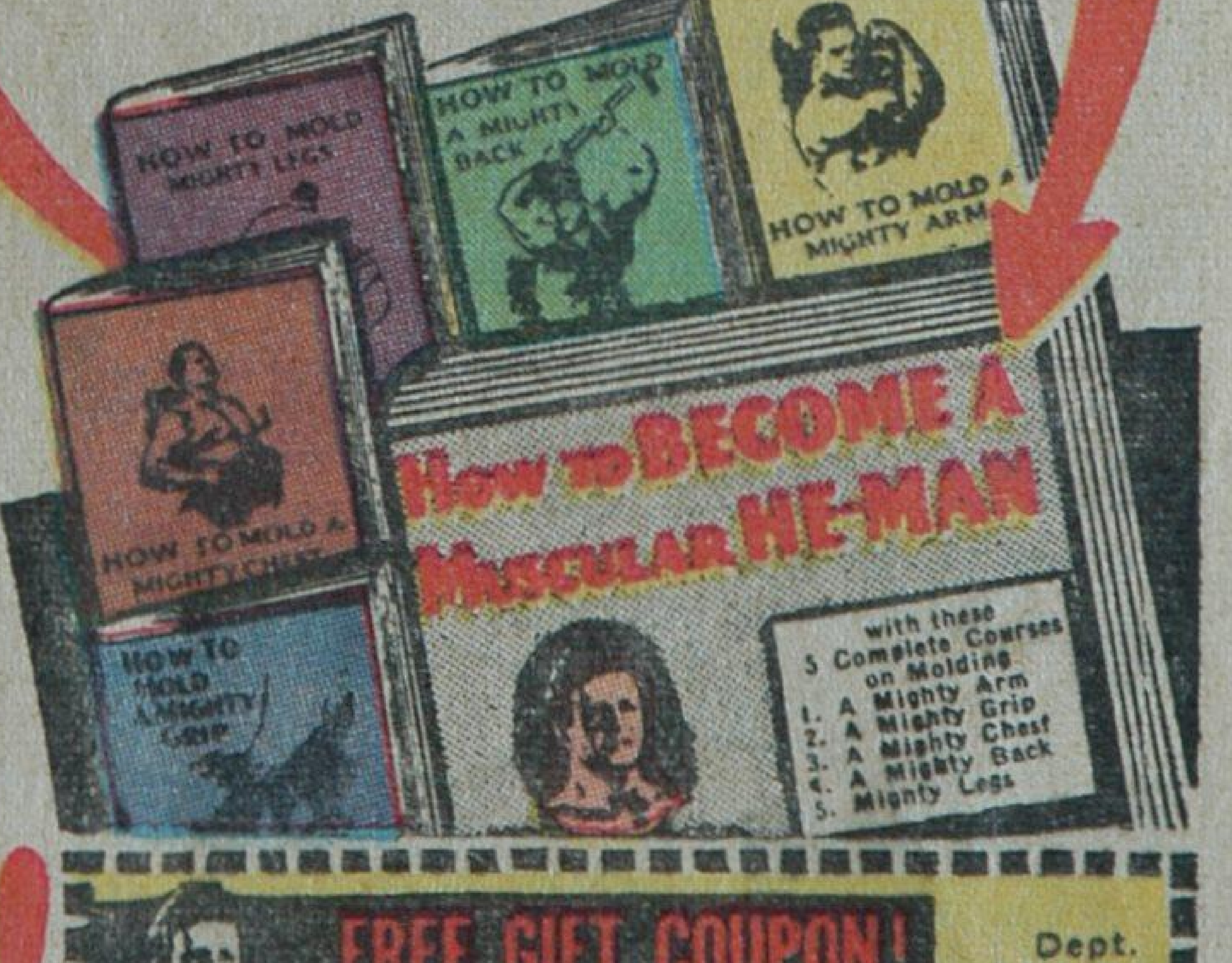
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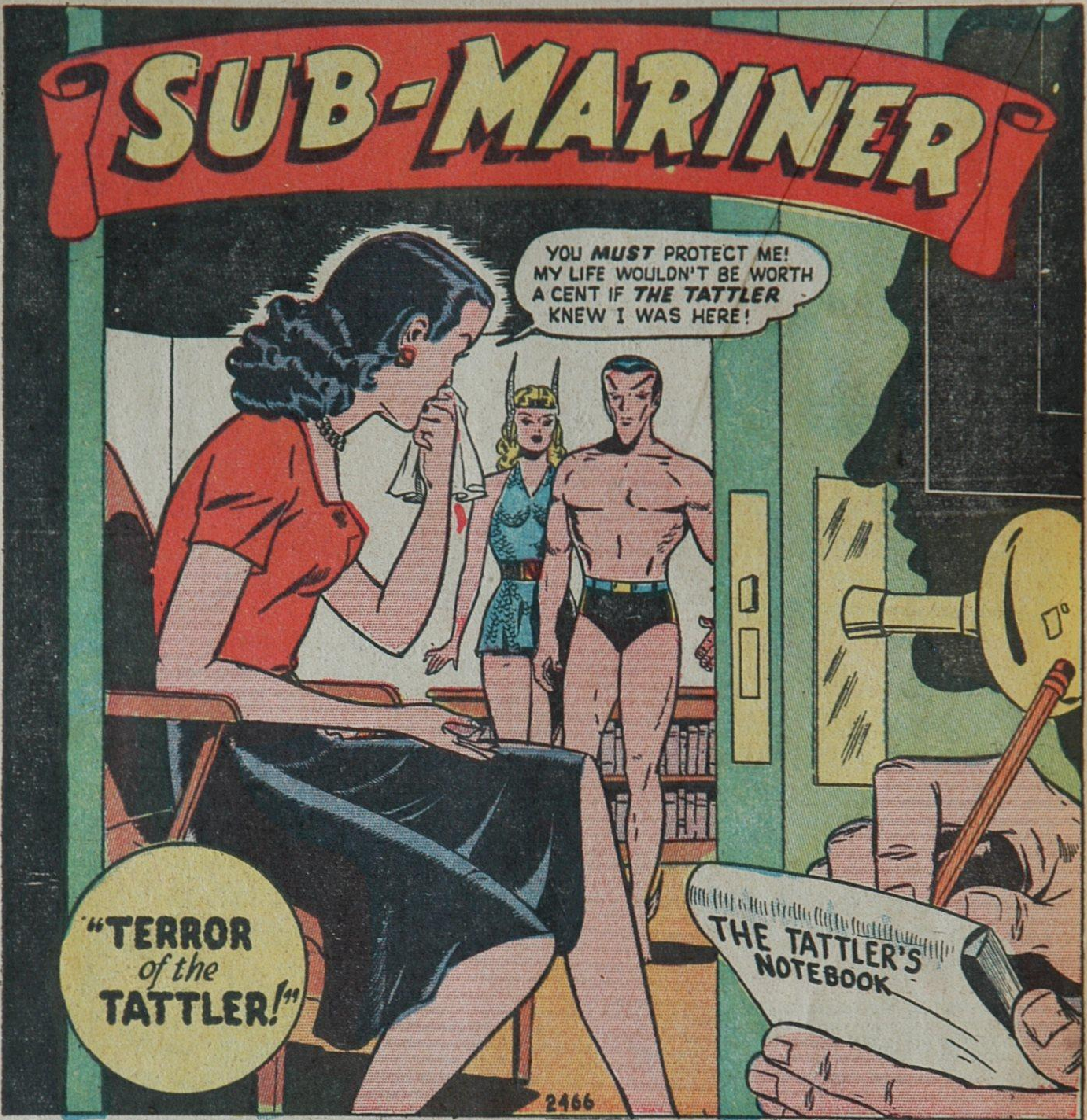
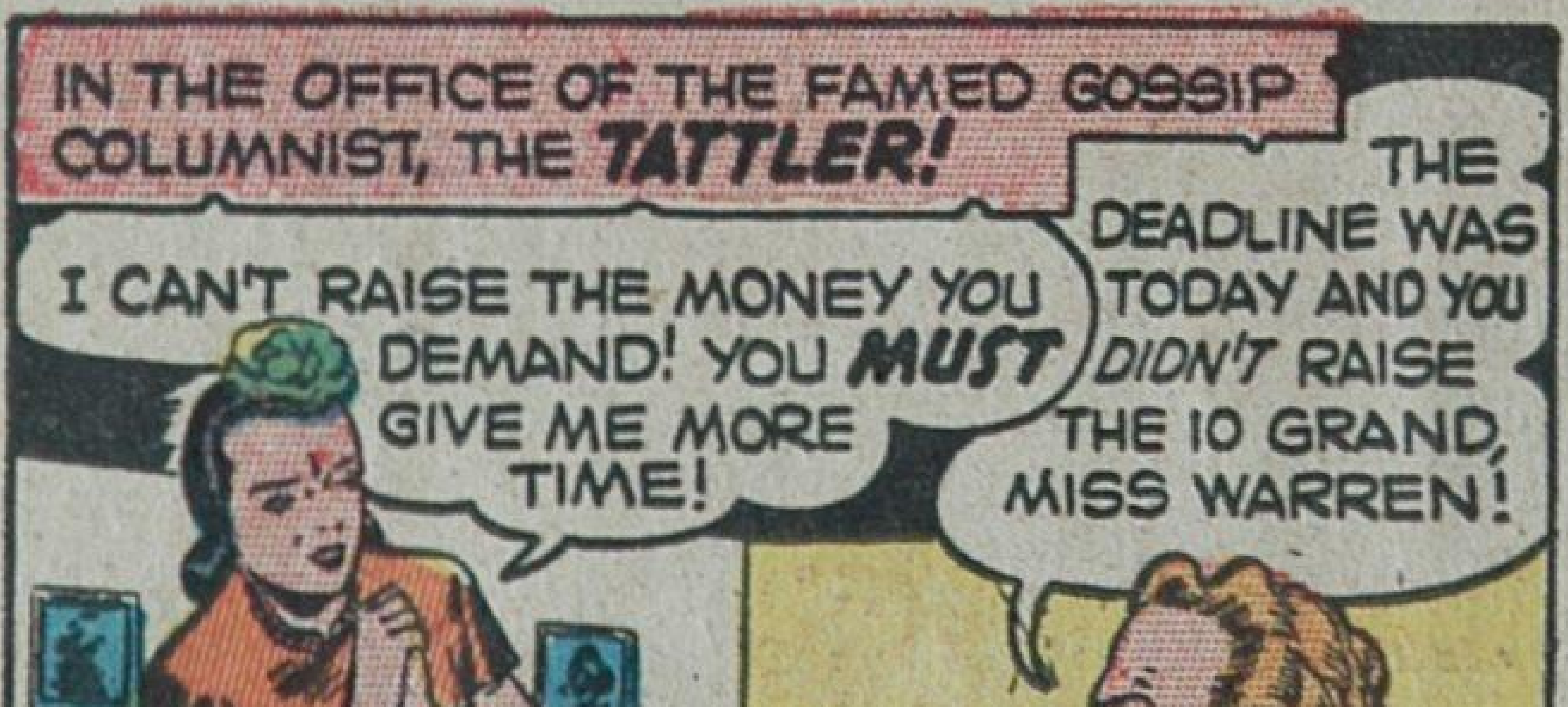
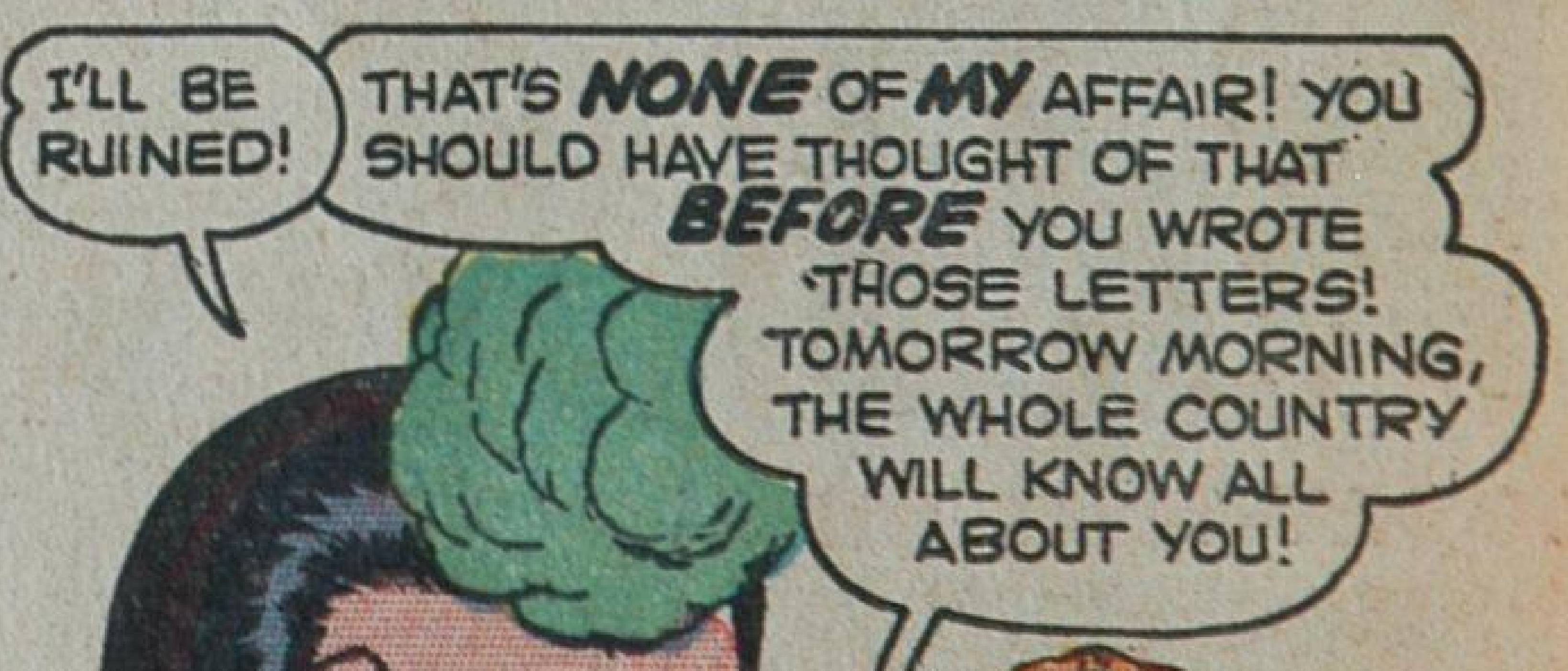

SUB-MARINER
YOU *MUST* PROTECT ME! MY LIFE WOULDN'T BE WORTH A CENT IF *THE TATTLER* KNEW I WAS HERE!
"TERROR of the TATTLER!"
THE TATTLER'S NOTEBOOK
2466


IN THE OFFICE OF THE FAMED GOSSIP COLUMNIST, THE *TATTLER!*
I CAN'T RAISE THE MONEY YOU DEMAND! YOU *MUST* GIVE ME MORE TIME!
THE DEADLINE WAS TODAY AND YOU *DIDN'T* RAISE THE 10 GRAND, MISS WARREN!


I'LL BE RUINED!
THAT'S *NONE* OF *MY* AFFAIR! YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT *BEFORE* YOU WROTE THOSE LETTERS! TOMORROW MORNING, THE WHOLE COUNTRY WILL KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU!
1

TOO BAD, MISS WARREN --BUT I'VE GOT TO PROVE TO MY...ER...**OTHER CUSTOMERS** THAT I **MEAN** BUSINESS!
TOMORROW? THERE'S ONE WAY OUT... ONLY **ONE** WAY TO ESCAPE!
SOME TIME LATER, AS SUB-MARINER AND NAMORA ARE CRUISING NEAR THE SHORE...
WHAT'S UP, NAMORA?
I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING ON THE BOTTOM!
I WAS **RIGHT!** IT'S THE BODY OF A WOMAN!
AND SOON...
IS THERE ANY HOPE, PRINCE NAMOR?
I'M AFRAID **NOT,** NAMORA... THERE'S NO SIGN OF BREATHING!
SHE'S **DEAD!** DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT HER?
HER NAME'S GLORIA WARREN...AN ACTRESS! I FOUND THIS **SUICIDE NOTE** IN HER HANDBAG!
THE TATTLER, EH?
The tattler would have told my secret tomorrow! This is the easiest way out for me!
THAT CHEAP GOSSIP COLUMNIST HAS MESSED UP PEOPLE'S LIVES ONCE TOO OFTEN! IN MY BOOK, HE'S PRACTICALLY GUILTY OF **MURDER!**
I AGREE! WE OUGHT TO HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!

AT THIS MOMENT, TWO MESSAGES FROM THE TATTLER ARRIVE-- IN THE QUARTERS OF ENOCH PACKERT, WEALTHY INDUSTRIALIST —AND THE GORGON, CRIME CHIEFTAIN.. RESPECTIVELY!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, DAD? SOMETHING WRONG?
WHY.. NO, ELLEN! JUST A LITTLE MATTER OF BUSINESS! I'VE GOT TO HURRY TO THE OFFICE!
IT'S FINALLY HAPPENED! FOR YEARS, I'VE MANAGED TO HIDE MY PAST FROM THE WORLD! NOW, THE TATTLER THREATENS TO BRING THE WHOLE SORDID STORY TO LIGHT,.. UNLESS I PAY HIM A FORTUNE IN BLACKMAIL!
AT THE CRIME HEADQUARTERS OF... THE GORGON!
YOU SENT FOR ME, GORGON?
YEAH, I JUST GOT A LETTER FROM THE TATTLER! HE'S GOT THE INFO ON WHO'S THE HEAD OF THE RACKETEERING COMBINE IN THIS CITY!
THAT MEANS --ME! HE SAYS HE'LL PUBLISH THE DOPE IN HIS COLUMN, UNLESS I CUT HIM IN ON THE PROFITS!
TH' SAP! HE'S SIGNED HIS OWN DEATH-WARRANT!
MEANWHILE, IN THE TATTLER'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE...
WE HOLD YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR GLORIA WARREN'S DEATH! THIS IS A WARNING...FROM NOW ON, WE'LL KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON YOU!
THE CORONER'S VERDICT WAS SUICIDE, RIGHT? YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME WITH THREATS!
SO LONG, CHUMPS! BE CAREFUL, OR I MAY FIND SOMETHING WORTH TATTLING ABOUT YOU!
OUTSIDE...
THERE'S THE TATTLER, NOW!
WE'LL SHUT HIS MOUTH... PERMANENTLY!

LET HIM HAVE IT!
RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME! SAVE ME!
SOMEONE'S SHOOTING AT THE TATTLER!
SUB-MARINER DASHES TOWARD THE RACING CAR, AND...
I DON'T BELIEVE IN MURDER... EVEN WHEN THE VICTIM IS A SCURVY DEVIL!
RAT-A-TAT-TAT
THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO, FELLOWS!
HELP!
MIND IF I JOIN IN, PRINCE NAMOR?
GOING UP!
OH-OH, SOMEONE'S TRYING TO CRAWL AWAY!
WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T THE BIG, BAD GORGON!

NOT MUCH FIGHT LEFT IN YOU, NOW!
IT'S ALL A MISTAKE! I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT! I JUST WENT ALONG FOR THE RIDE!
WE'LL SEE WHAT A JUDGE AND JURY HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THAT!
YOU'LL BE SORRY! WHEN I'VE TATTLED ALL I KNOW, THEY'LL SEND YOU TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR... MARK MY WORDS!
AND YOU MARK MY WORDS, TATTLER! YOUR HANDS AREN'T ANY TOO CLEAN, EITHER! IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU WIND UP LIKE THE GORGON!
HMM! HE REALLY MEANS IT! I'D BETTER GET THE GOODS ON HIM... QUICK!
LATER...
IN 1926, YOU SERVED ONE YEAR IN ELVORD PRISON FOR THE CRIME OF FORGERY! YOU WERE USING ANOTHER NAME! IS THAT CORRECT?
YOU KNOW IT IS! WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME, TATTLER?
I'M AFRAID I MUST ASK YOU FOR A MUCH LARGER SUM THAN I INTENDED! I'VE MET WITH CERTAIN MISFORTUNES... SHALL WE SAY...UH... A HUNDRED THOUSAND?
YOU'RE MAD! I WON'T PAY IT!
YOU'LL PAY, BECAUSE YOU CAN'T LET YOUR DAUGHTER, ELLEN, KNOW THAT HER FATHER IS AN EX-CONVICT! YOU WON'T RUIN HER LIFE, PACKERT!
O-OH!
LATER...
SUB-MARINER! NAMORA... HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU!
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
AFTER A BRIEF EXPLANATION...
SO YOUR FATHER HAS AGREED TO PAY BLACKMAIL TO THE TATTLER? THIS IS THE BREAK WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
RIGHT! WE'LL CATCH HIM RED-HANDED!

OKAY, I GOT YOUR SIGNAL! DID YOU BRING THE CASH?
I-I THOUGHT THIS MEETING WAS TO BE **PRIVATE!** WHO ARE THESE **MEN?**
JUST A COUPLE OF FRIENDS! SOMETIMES MY...UH...CLIENTS... TRY TO GET ROUGH, SO I BRING MY **OWN** PROTECTION!
HERE'S YOUR MONEY!
HERE LIE
ABIGAIL AR
DEARLY BEL
BORN 1862
DIED 1901
I SAW YOU TAKE THAT MONEY, TATTLER! **ANY** JURY IN THE WORLD WILL CONVICT YOU OF ***BLACKMAIL!***
I'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED!
COME ON! IT'S **USELESS** TO RESIST!
LET GO OF ***ME!***
AS THE TATTLER'S STOOGES ATTACK...SUB-MARINER SWINGS INTO ACTION AGAINST THEM!
TOUGH GUYS! LET'S TEACH THEM A LESSON, NAMORA!
NOW, AS I WAS SAYING...
KEEP AWAY! IF YOU TOUCH ME AGAIN, I'LL BE FORCED TO TELL ON **YOU!**
REMEMBER, WHEN YOU HAD A CERTAIN DAVID HARING ARRESTED? YOU SUSPECTED HIM OF BEING A **MEMBER** OF A **NOTORIOUS** SMUGGLER'S RING! BUT, HE WAS LATER PROVED TO BE AN ***INNOCENT DUPE!***
I APOLOGIZED FOR MY MISTAKE!
BUT, DAVID HARING COMMITTED SUICIDE! THE SHAME PROVED **TOO MUCH** FOR HIM! ***YOU*** CAUSED HIS DEATH, SUB-MARINER!
NO!

YOU CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE LIKE THIS! WE KNOW HE'S GUILTY... IT'S YOUR DUTY TO HAVE HIM ARRESTED!
WHO AM I TO ACCUSE ANYONE? I'M WORSE THAN HE IS... I'M A MURDERER!
A CEMETERY! IT'S THE PROPER SETTING FOR THE DEATH OF MY CAREER OF FIGHTING CRIME!
(GULP) HE REALLY MEANS IT!
SOMETIME LATER, IN ENOCH PACKERT'S HOME, NAMORA GOES TO WORK!
I RECEIVED A LETTER FROM THE TATTLER THIS MORNING! ELLEN CONVINCED ME I SHOULD CALL ON YOU!
THE TATTLER WANTS MORE MONEY... AS I EXPECTED!
BLACKMAILERS ALWAYS TRY TO "BLEED" THEIR VICTIMS! BUT, THE TATTLER WILL GET A SURPRISE... NOW, HERE'S MY PLAN...
THAT NIGHT, AT A PRE-ARRANGED MEETING PLACE...
WHAT'S THIS? NOTHING BUT A SCRAP OF PAPER... JUST A NOTE!
Tit for tat, Tattler! I happen to know that you're really "Con-Man Chris," wanted in seven states for swindling! What will you pay to keep that out of print?
A TRICK, EH? YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL ANYONE ABOUT ME! GRAB HIM, BOYS!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

GUESS YOUR BOSS DOESN'T LIKE TO READ GOSSIP ABOUT HIMSELF! ONLY IT ISN'T MERELY GOSSIP...I CHECKED THE FACTS...AND THEY'RE ALL TOO TRUE!
I CAN'T MISS AT THIS RANGE!
SUDDENLY...
YIIIII !
YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO HANDY WITH A GUN, TATTLER!
I GOT THE MESSAGE YOU LEFT FOR ME, NAMORA! YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING INTO DANGER!
AS IT TURNED OUT, I WASN'T KIDDING, BUT I LEFT THE NOTE JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU'D FOLLOW ME HERE!
LATER!
I WANT YOU TO MEET DAVID HARING...AND HE'S VERY MUCH ALIVE!
I OWE EVERYTHING TO YOU, SUB-MARINER! YOUR PUBLIC APOLOGY FOR MY ARREST CLEARED MY NAME!
THEN---THEN, IT WASN'T TRUE! I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR AN INNOCENT MAN'S DEATH!
OF COURSE NOT! THE TATTLER WASN'T ABOVE INVENTING FACTS WHEN THEY SUITED HIS PURPOSE!
LATER, AS THE TATTLER'S FILES GO UP IN SMOKE...
THEY'RE BURNING THE RECORDS THE TATTLER KEPT OF OTHER PEOPLE'S MISTAKES!
IT'S BETTER SO! THERE'RE INCIDENTS IN EVERYONE'S LIFE THAT ARE FAR BETTER FORGOTTEN!
8
THE END

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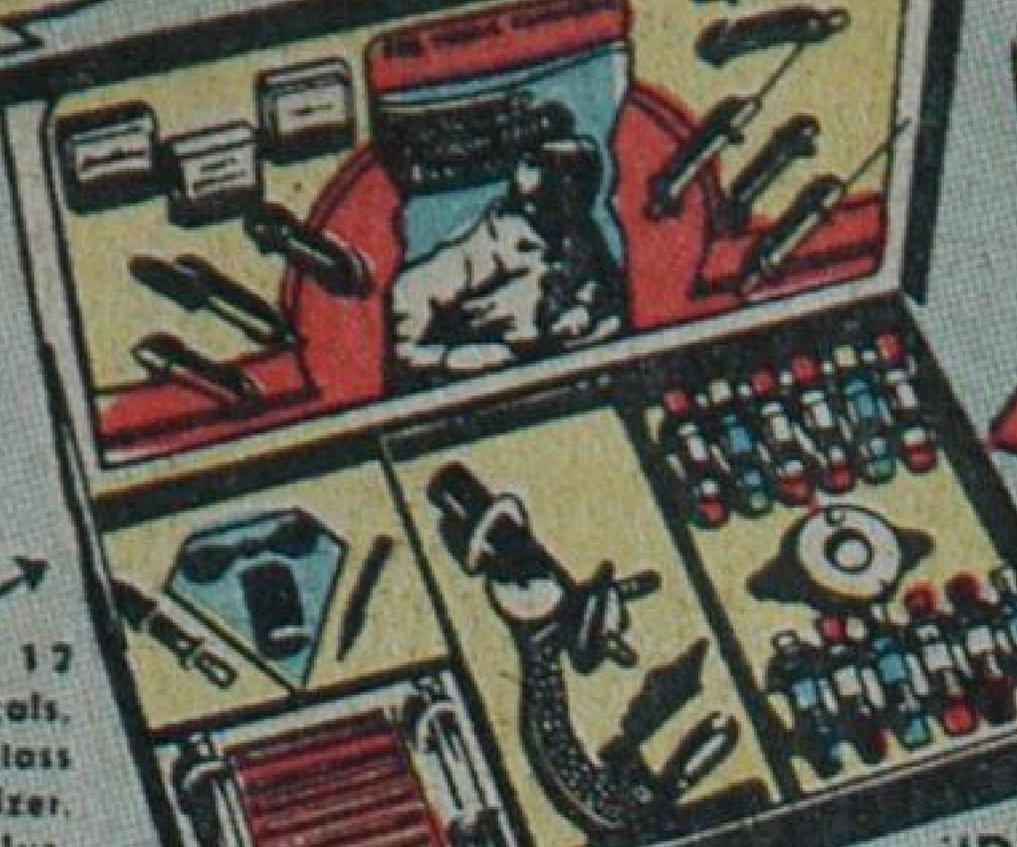

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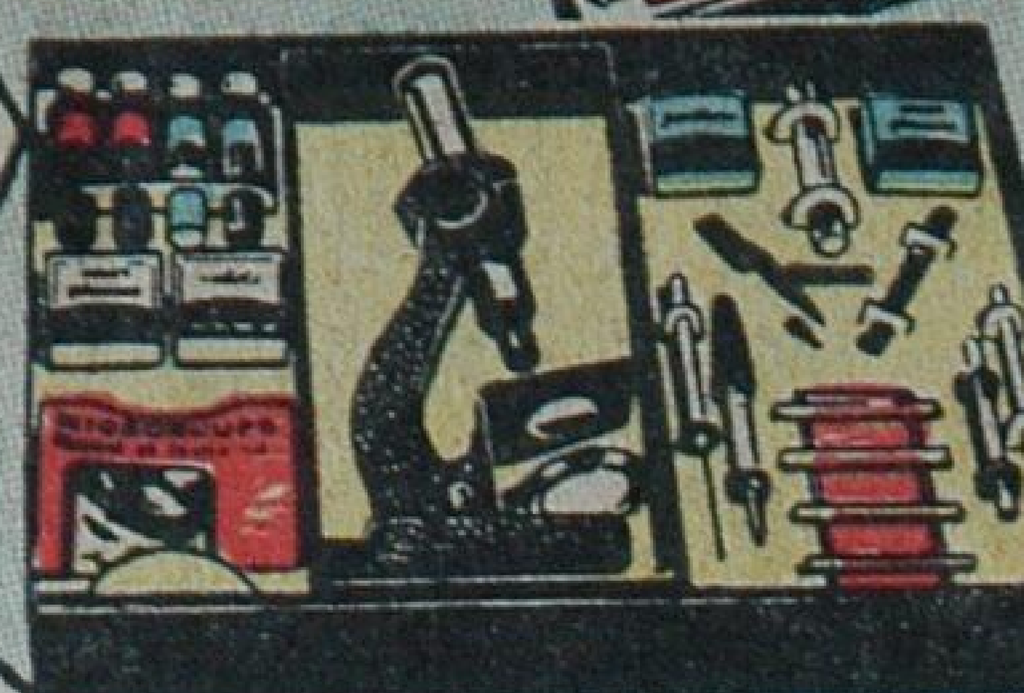

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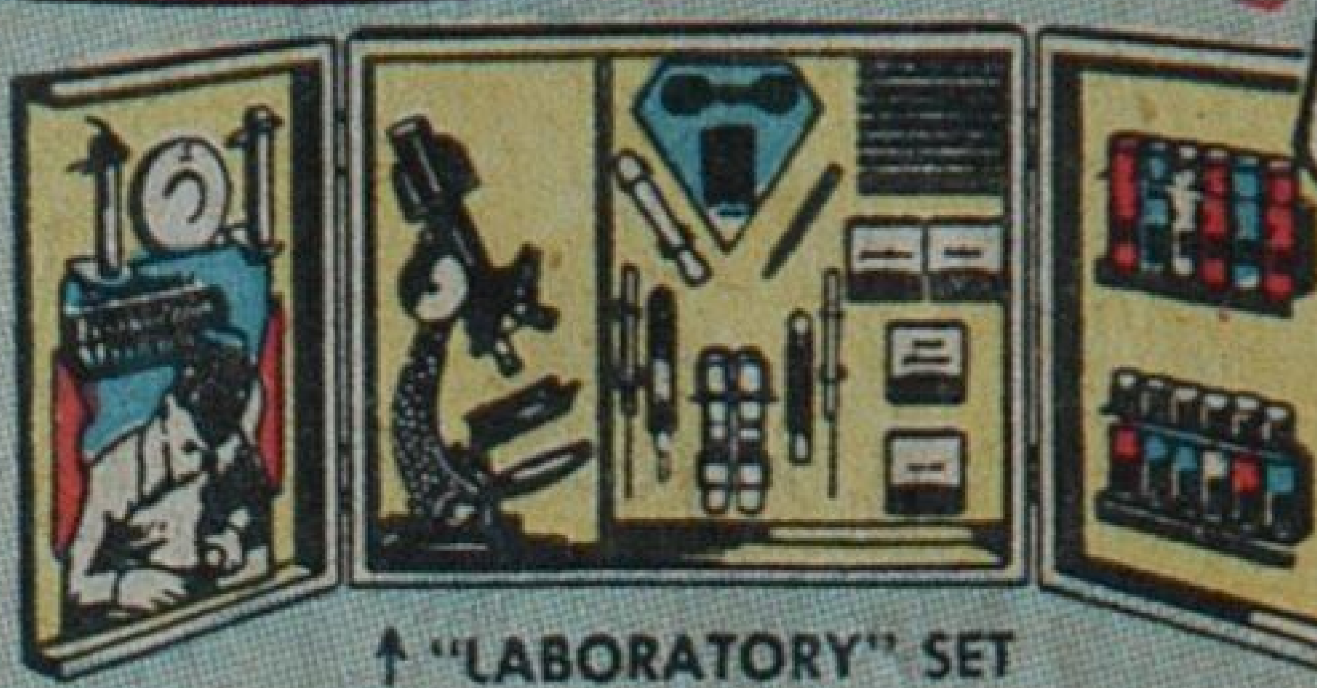

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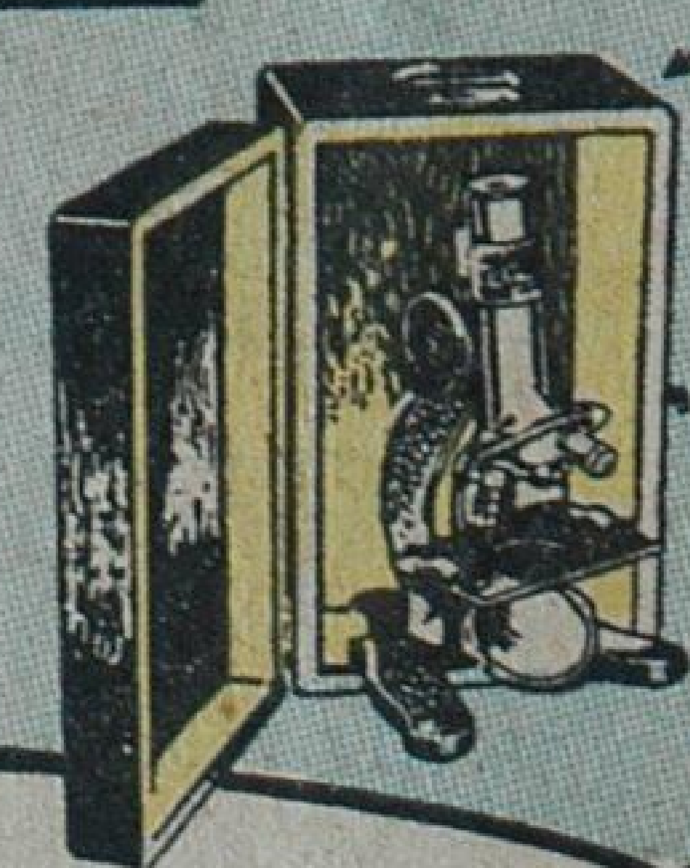
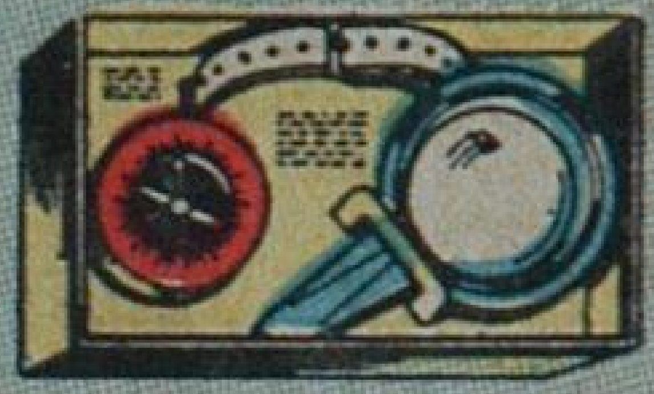
Explore atomic secrets! This hi-power microscope enlarges over 90 times! 38 pieces lab. equipment incl. 14 bottles chemicals, 2 test tubes, glass slides, manual, etc. Beautiful 10½" high wooden cabinet. Special metal racks to hold chemicals. *Yours for Only 90 lbs. Old Clothes!*



"Scientific" Microscope
Want to be a famous doctor or scientist? Examine blood stains! Do exciting experiments! Powerful microscope magnifies 425 times! 19 special lenses. Chrome tube, automatic turret. Carrying case 9½" high. *Yours for Only 200 lbs. Old Clothes!*



SCOUT KIT ↑
Contains fine compass and special signal reflector for sending messages. *Send Only 20 lbs. Old Clothes!*

FREE! THESE WONDERFUL MICROSCOPE SETS!

EVERYONE RECEIVES A SET!

IT'S EASY! IT'S SIMPLE!

GATHER OLD CLOTHES

FROM YOUR ATTIC AND CELLAR AND FROM FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

SEND IN OLD CLOTHES

AND RECEIVE **FREE** THE SET YOU CHOOSE

SEND IN OLD CLOTHES THIS EASY WAY AND RECEIVE WONDERFUL SET!

1 Choose the set you want from above pictures.

2. Underneath the set you've chosen is shown the amount of old clothes and rags you should send. Gather together this amount of clothes from your attic or cellar and from friends and relatives.

3. Any old clothes or rags will do, regardless of age or condition, except shoes, socks, raincoats, and lumber jackets.

4. To be acceptable, rags must be clean cotton, and not smaller than the size of a handkerchief

5. Put clothes in box or tie neatly with rope into bundle. Write your name and address clearly on bundle or box, and address shipment to GIBSON-PAGE COMPANY, INC., 6 North Street, Rochester 4, N. Y.

6. If bundle weighs over 50 lbs., take it to railroad station and ship by freight collect. We'll pay the freight. (Do not use express.) If bundle weighs less than 50 lbs., take it to nearest post-office and ship by parcel post. That's all you do.

7 Send coupon TODAY, so that we can get YOUR SET ready for you. Then—as soon as your bundle arrives—we can send you your set RIGHT AWAY! Join the thousands of boys who have already received these beautiful sets!

This offer is made for advertising purposes. After you receive your set, we would like you to send us a letter, describing some of the interesting things you have done with the set

HURRY! SEND COUPON NOW! RESERVE YOUR SET!

GIBSON-PAGE COMPANY, INC.
6 North Street, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Please get my MODEL ________ MICROSCOPE SET ready for me! (Write down model of set you've chosen.) I will send ______ pounds of old clothes to you within ______ days.

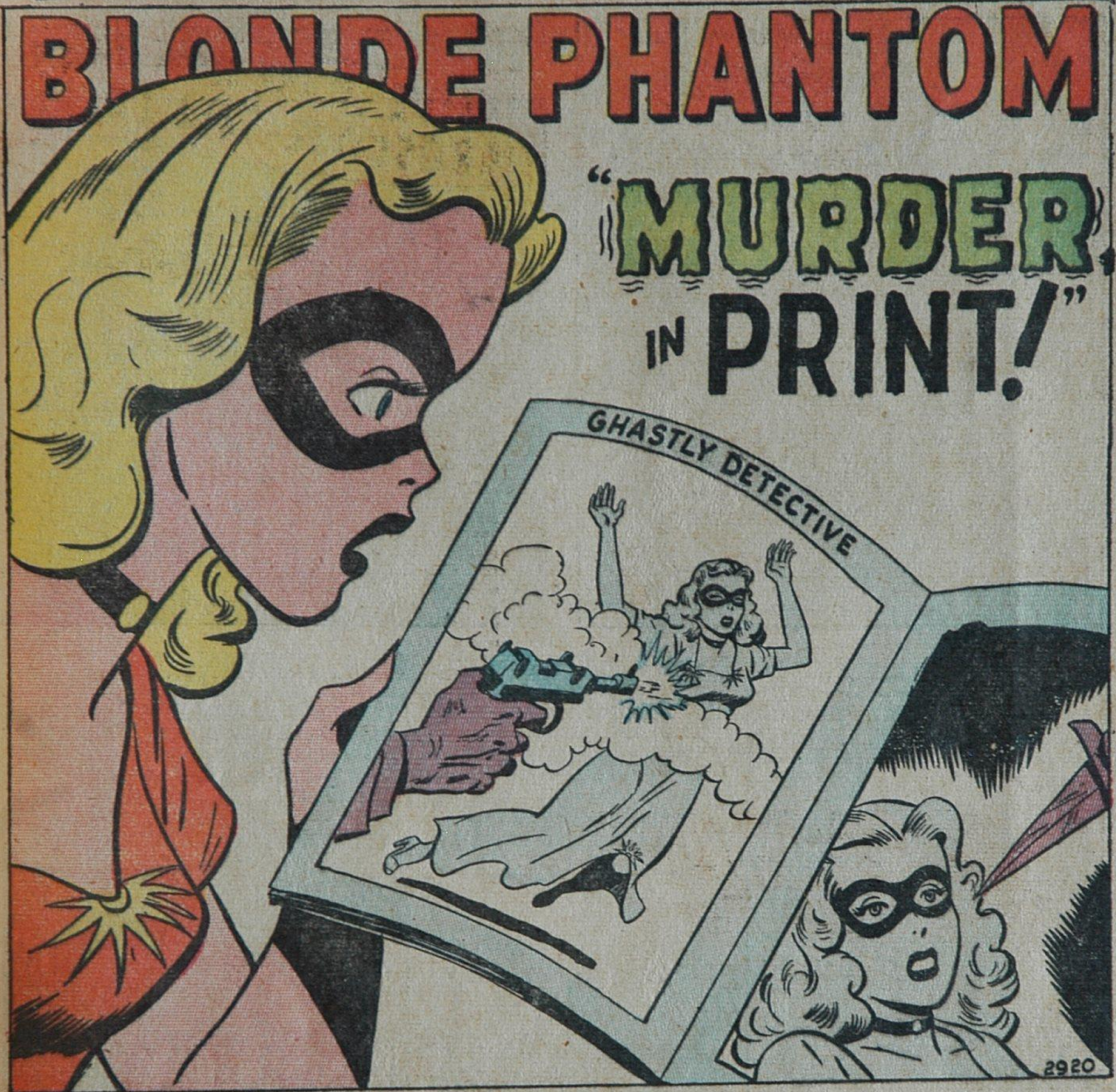
Name ____________________

Street Address ____________________

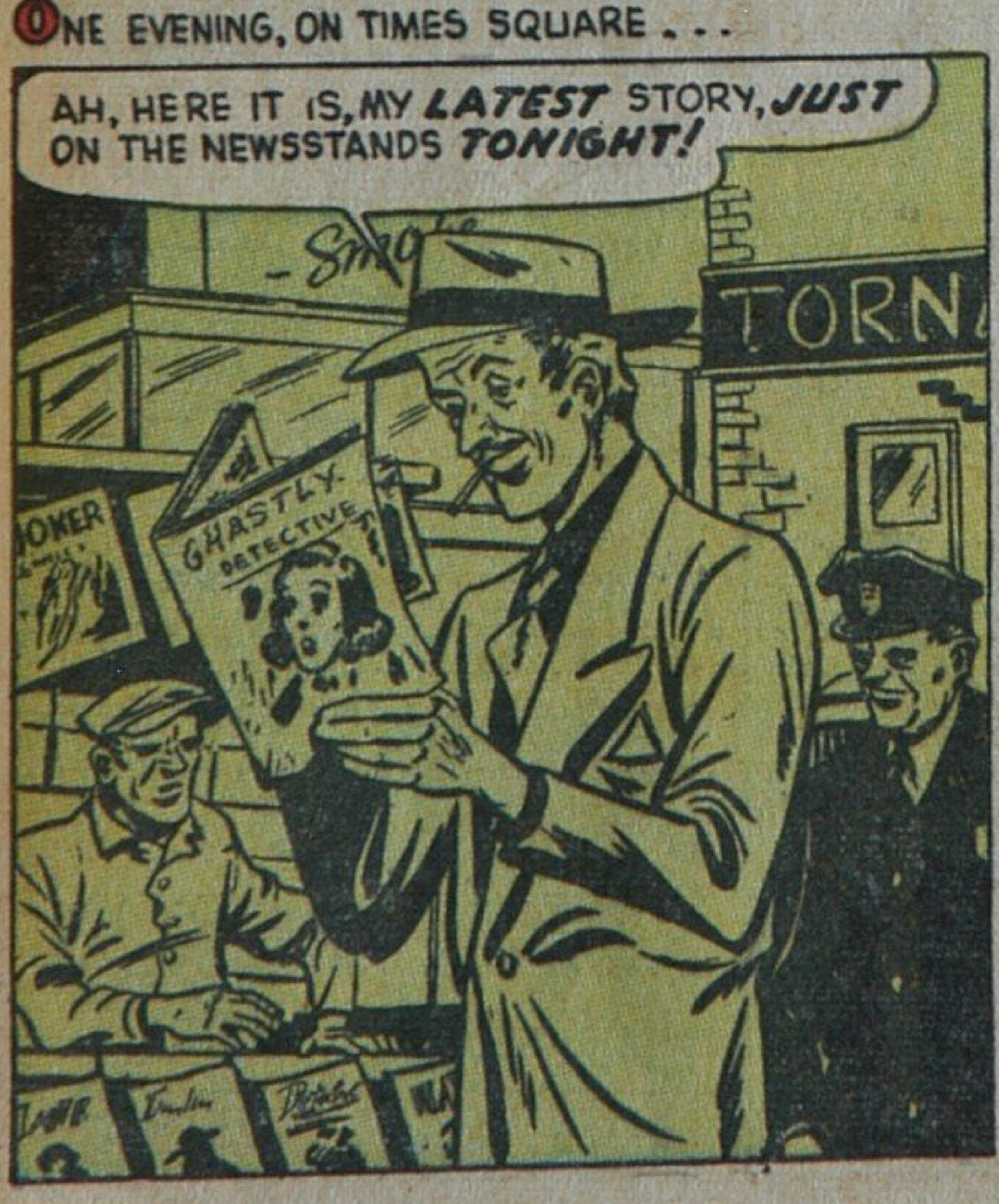
City ____________________ State ________

BLONDE PHANTOM

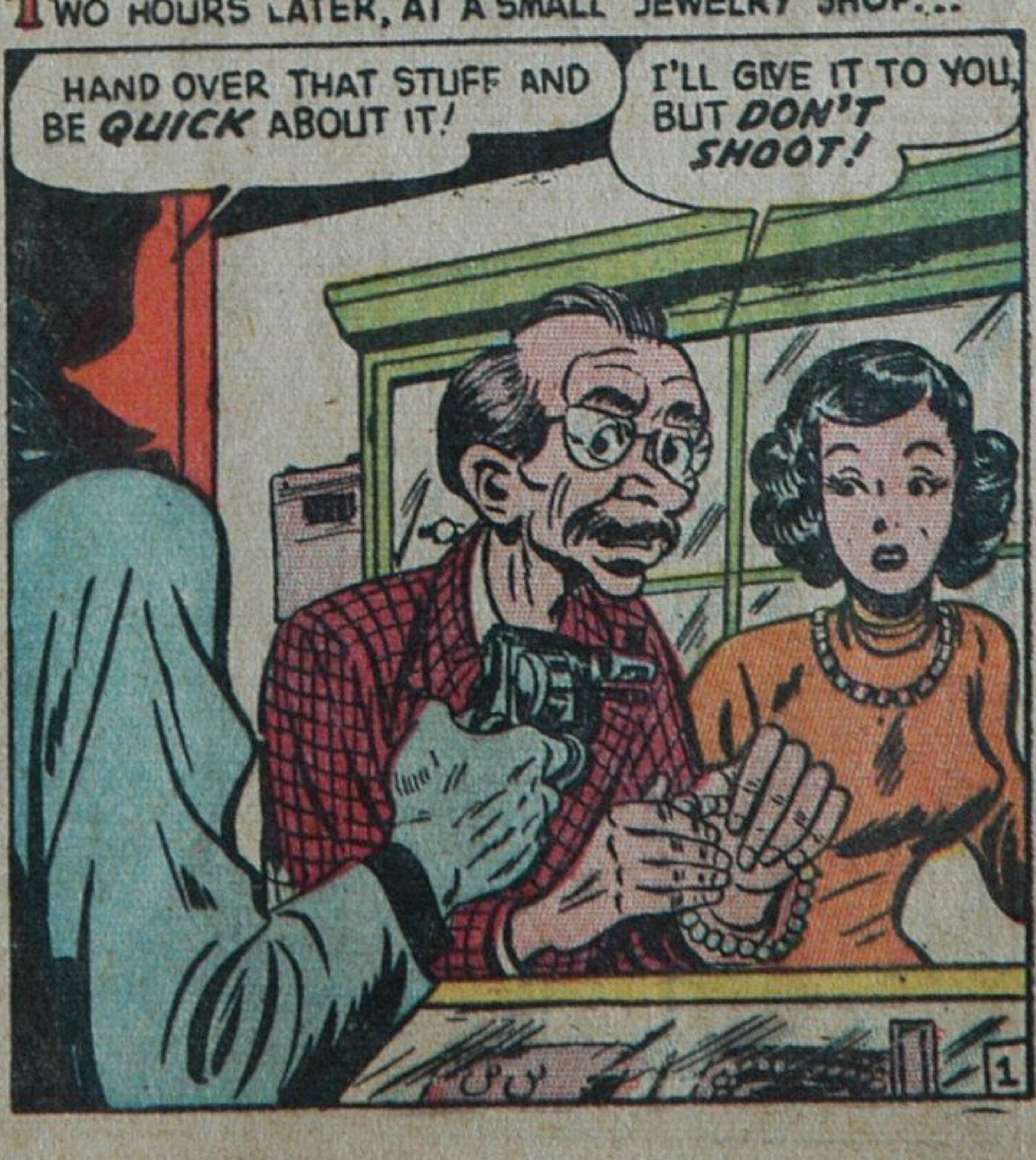
"MURDER IN PRINT!"


GHASTLY DETECTIVE
2920

ONE EVENING, ON TIMES SQUARE . . .


AH, HERE IT IS, MY *LATEST* STORY, *JUST* ON THE NEWSSTANDS *TONIGHT!*
TORN
JOKER
GHASTLY DETECTIVE

TWO HOURS LATER, AT A SMALL JEWELRY SHOP...

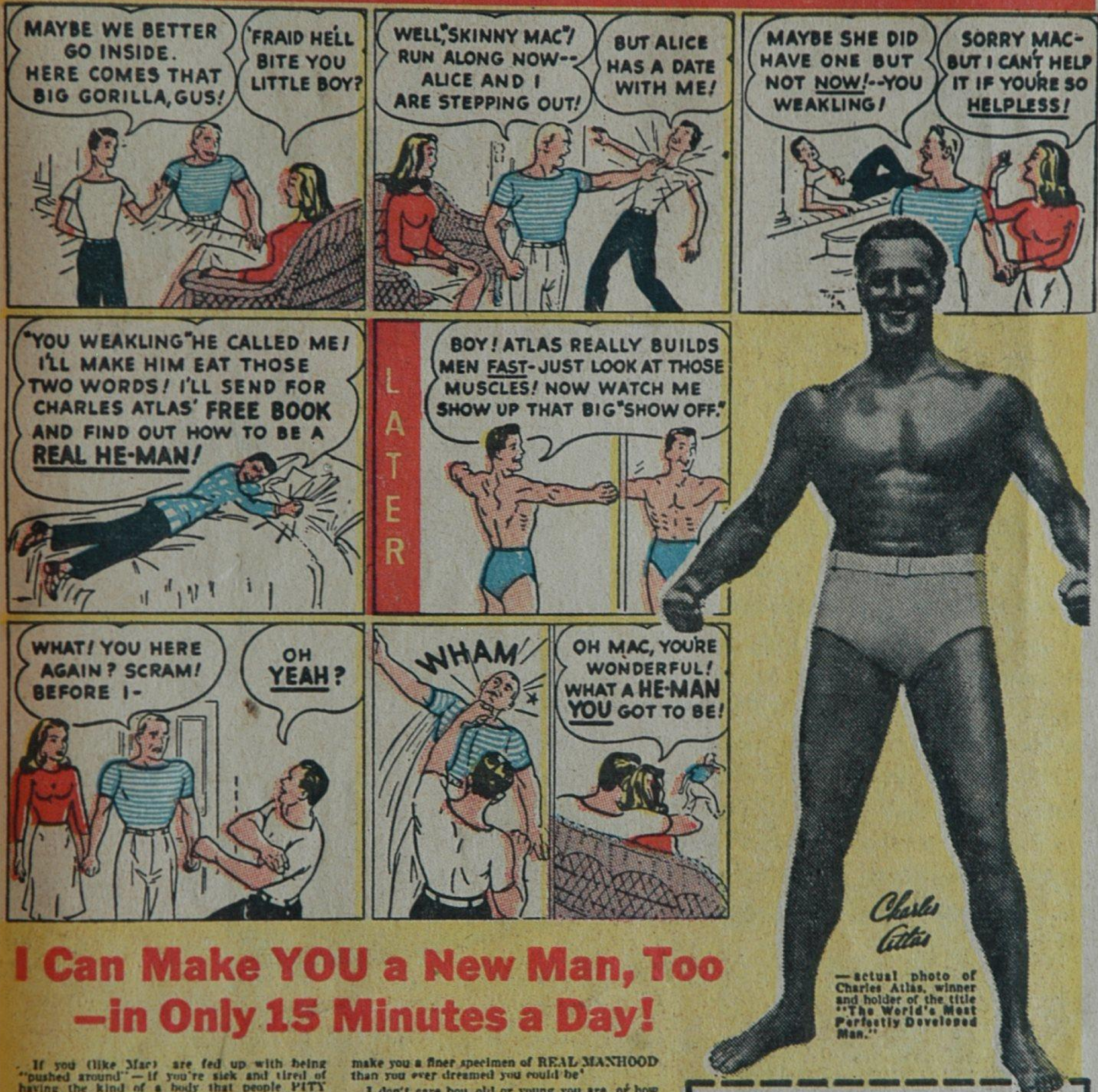

HAND OVER THAT STUFF AND BE *QUICK* ABOUT IT!
I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU, BUT *DON'T SHOOT!*
1

YOU TALK TOO MUCH, OLD MAN!
OHH!
NO!
AT THAT MOMENT, PRIVATE DETECTIVE MARK MASON AND HIS SECRETARY, LOUISE GRANT, ARE WALKING HOME FROM THE OFFICE . .
IT WAS REALLY... WHAT'S THAT?
SOMEONE IS SCREAMING!
HELP!
AVE
A FEW MINUTES LATER. .
I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE, BUT HE KILLED MY FATHER!
THIS MAY BE SOMETHING TO GO ON!
MARK, I'VE GOT TO RUN ALONG!
A QUICK CHANGE OF COSTUME, AND LOUISE GRANT BECOMES THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
THE MURDERER MUST HAVE COPIED THIS CRIME STORY! I'M GOING TO LOOK UP THE AUTHOR AND SEE IF HE CAN HELP ME!
GHAS
HALF AN HOUR LATER. .
THERE WAS A ROBBERY AND A MURDER TONIGHT WHICH WERE PATTERNED FROM THIS CRIME STORY YOU WROTE!
BUT THAT STORY'S FICTION! I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT A REAL CRIME BASED ON IT WOULD WORK!
GHASTLY DETECTIVE
IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO, BLONDE PHANTOM? I FEEL RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MURDER!
YOU CAN'T BLAME YOURSELF! BUT GIVE ME COPIES OF ALL YOUR STORIES! I WANT TO SEE IF ANY OTHER RECENT CRIMES WERE COPIED FROM YOU!
THIS IS ALL OF THEM! GRAHAM RUDOLPH, MY PUBLISHER, WILL BE VERY UPSET ABOUT THIS!
I'M GOING OVER TO SPEAK TO HIM ABOUT IT, AND SEE IF HE CAN HELP!
GHASTLY
SOON . . .
I HATE TO BOTHER DAD FOR SUCH A SILLY REASON!
THIS ALL SOUNDS LIKE SOME FANTASTIC IDEA OF GORDON'S! HE WAS NEVER ANY GOOD FOR ANYTHING EXCEPT DREAMING! THAT'S WHY I WOULDN'T MARRY HIM!
SO GORDON WAS ONCE INTERESTED IN THIS YOUNG LADY!
2

WELL, I'LL ASK DAD IF HE **WANTS** TO SEE YOU!
THANK YOU!
SHE'S **CERTAINLY** AN UNPLEASANT CHARACTER!
A MOMENT LATER..
HELP!
THAT'S MISS RUDOLPH!
THIS IS WHERE **YOU** MADE **YOUR MISTAKE,** MY FRIEND!
BLONDE PHANTOM!
YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME!
OHH!
OH, MY **HEAD!**
HE CAUGHT ME **OFF GUARD!**
ANOTHER MAGAZINE! THIS CASE IS **BEGINNING** TO GET **VERY INTERESTING!**
MARK, COME OVER TO THE GRAHAM RUDOLPH PLACE **IMMEDIATELY!**
ARE YOU **ALL RIGHT** NOW, MY DEAR?
YES, FATHER!
3

MARK MASON WILL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES TO TAKE OVER! IF ANYONE CAN SOLVE THIS CASE, HE'LL DO IT! IN THE MEANTIME, I'M GOING TO READ AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE!
DET
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
KATHERINE'S RESTING IN HER ROOM! SHE'LL BE BETTER OFF THERE!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! THIS CRIME WAS ALSO PATTERNED AFTER A STORY, AND THAT KILLER WILL BE BACK AGAIN! I'M GOING IN TO SEE HER!
I THOUGHT YOU'D BE BACK!
YOU AGAIN!
I NEVER MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE!
OWW!
HERE'S YOUR KILLER! A MAD AUTHOR— WHO USED HIS OWN PLOTS FOR ACTUAL CRIME!
IT'S GORDON!
AFTER THE POLICE TAKE GORDON HENDERSON AWAY
GORDON WAS A COMPLETE SPLIT PERSONALITY! IN HIS SANE MOMENTS, HE WROTE THE STORIES, AND LATER CARRIED THEM OUT! PROBABLY SOMETHING LIKE YOUR REFUSING HIS LOVE WAS ENOUGH TO DEMENT AN ALREADY WEAK MIND!
I NEVER DREAMED GORDON WANTED TO KILL ME!
4
THE NEXT MORNING, IN MARK'S OFFICE...
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT ME LAST NIGHT, LOUISE! YOU MISSED ANOTHER PERFORMANCE BY THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
TOO BAD! I ALWAYS SEEM TO MISS HER!
THE END.

HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!


MAYBE WE BETTER GO INSIDE. HERE COMES THAT BIG GORILLA, GUS!
'FRAID HE'LL BITE YOU LITTLE BOY?
WELL, "SKINNY MAC"! RUN ALONG NOW-- ALICE AND I ARE STEPPING OUT!
BUT ALICE HAS A DATE WITH ME!
MAYBE SHE DID HAVE ONE BUT NOT NOW!--YOU WEAKLING!
SORRY MAC- BUT I CAN'T HELP IT IF YOU'RE SO HELPLESS!
"YOU WEAKLING" HE CALLED ME! I'LL MAKE HIM EAT THOSE TWO WORDS! I'LL SEND FOR CHARLES ATLAS' FREE BOOK AND FIND OUT HOW TO BE A REAL HE-MAN!
LATER
BOY! ATLAS REALLY BUILDS MEN FAST-JUST LOOK AT THOSE MUSCLES! NOW WATCH ME SHOW UP THAT BIG "SHOW OFF."
WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? SCRAM! BEFORE I-
OH YEAH?
WHAM
OH MAC, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! WHAT A HE-MAN YOU GOT TO BE!
Charles Atlas

—actual photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac) are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, pepless, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 60 D 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60 D
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me — give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

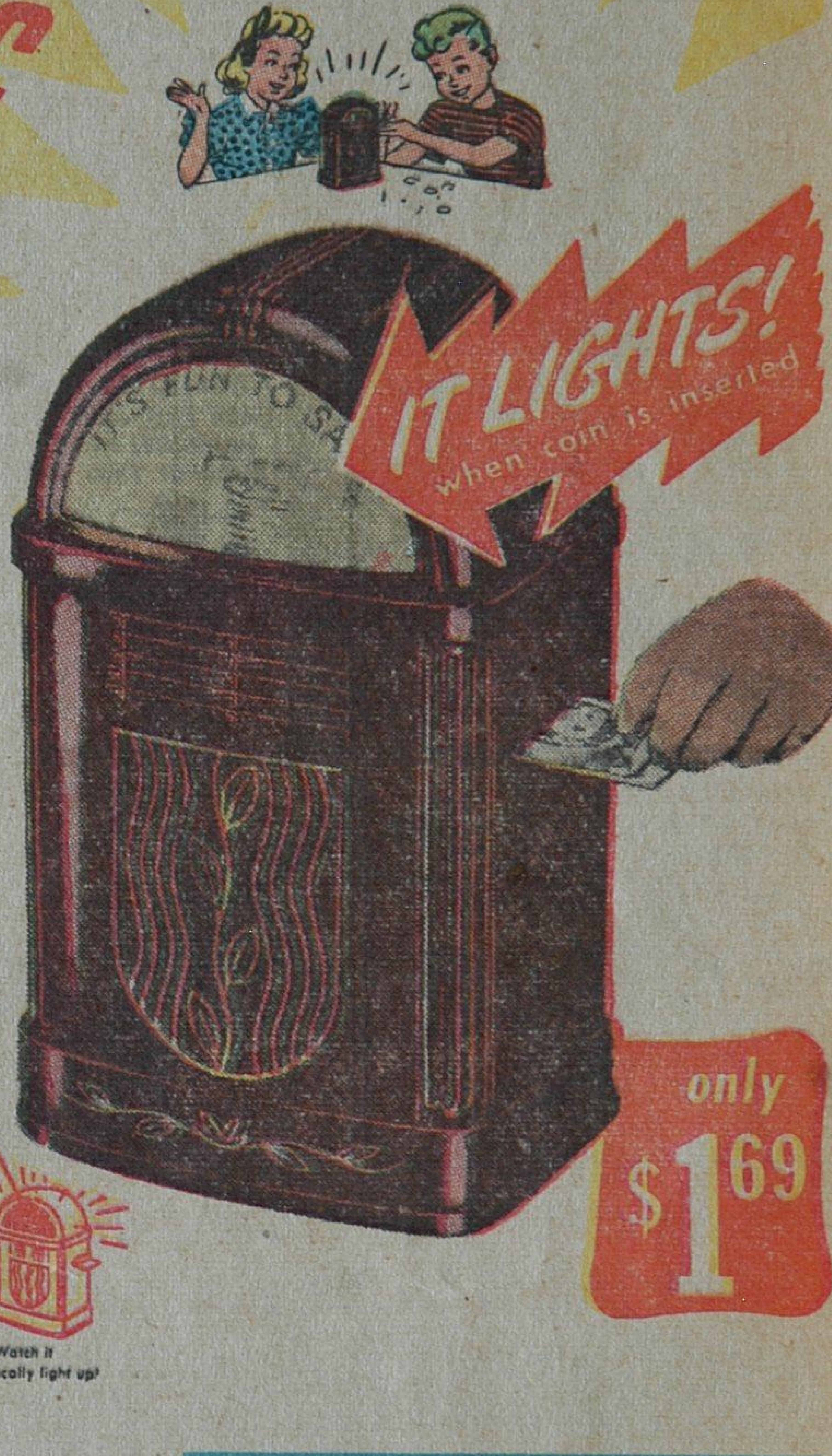
Name..Age.......
(Please print or write plainly)

Address..

Zone No.
City.................. (If any)......State..........

AMAZING! NEW!

ELECTRONIC JUKE-BOX BANK

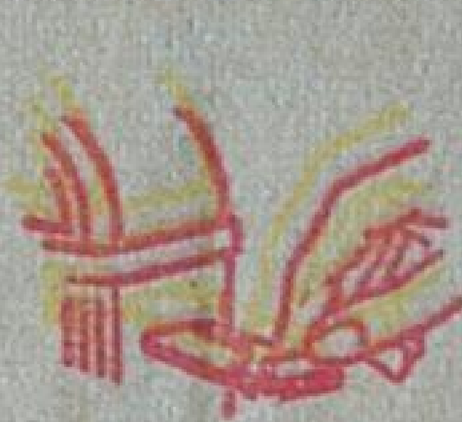


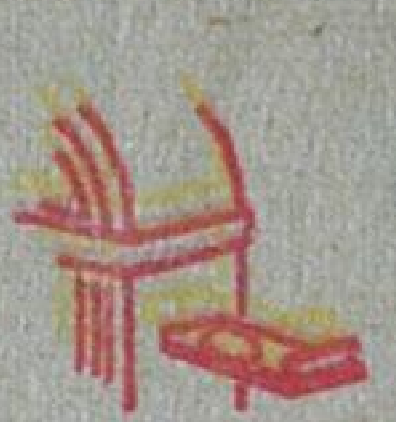
Now You Can Get a KICK out of Saving!

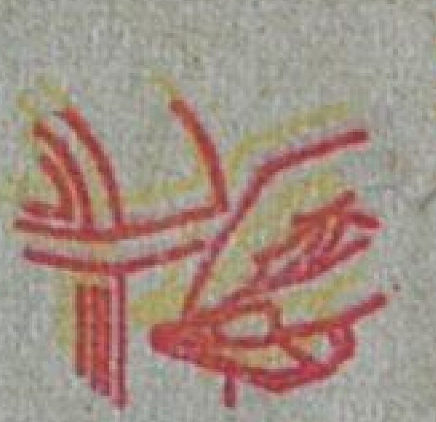
LIGHTS MAGICALLY!

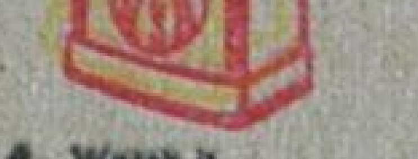
WHEN COIN IS INSERTED

HERE is the most remarkable bank ever offered to the public. Imagine getting a bank that looks and works like a *real Juke Box.* It's great fun to insert coins from pennies up to quarters and watch the Juke Box Bank MAGICALLY LIGHT UP just like a real Juke Box would. Made of colorful plastic and metal, beautifully hand painted. Makes saving a pleasure.


1. Pull plunger all the way out


2. Place coin in slot provided


3. Push plunger all the way in


4. Watch it magically light up!

SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address. Pay postman $1.69 plus a few cents postage on delivery or send a check or money order, we pay postage. Inspect the Juke Box Bank for five days. If not delighted, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send your order NOW.

SEND NO MONEY

SHAR-LEE CO., 425 W. Superior St., Dept. L
Chicago, Ill.

Send me the Electronic Juke Box Bank on 10 day trial at only $1.69 each. I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ Zone ______ State ____________

☐ I am enclosing $1.69. Send Juke Box Bank Prepaid.

Reducing Specialist Says:

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steam baths, drugs or laxatives.

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time in your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a money-back guarantee.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept S-34
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

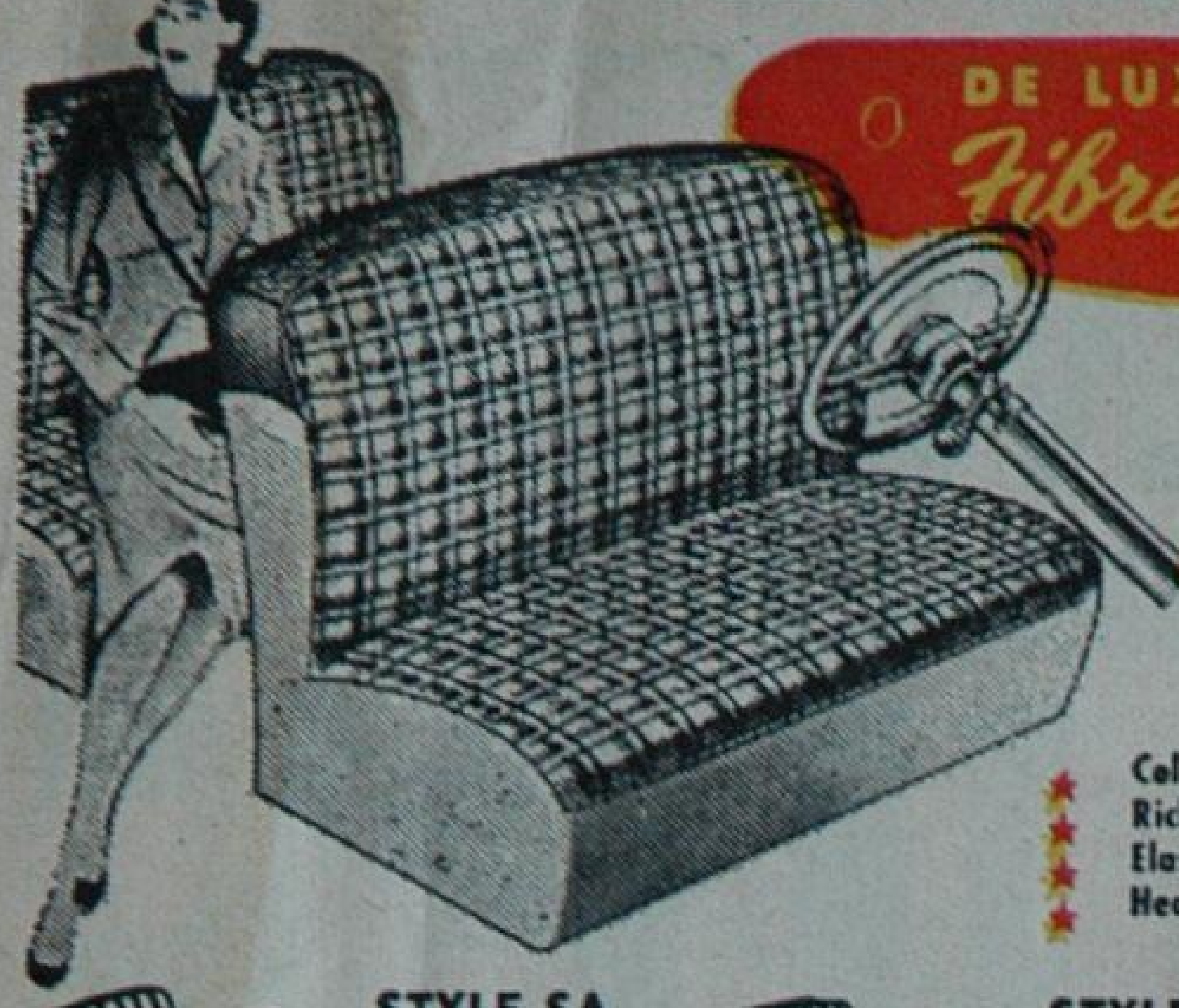
Send me at once, for $2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ State ____________

NEW DIRECT MAIL PLAN SAVES YOU BIG MONEY!



DE LUXE QUALITY SCOTCH PLAID
Fibre AUTO SEAT COVERS

For Coupes and All Front Seats
Unbeatable Low Price $3.98 POST PAID

Sedans and Coaches COMPLETE SET
Front and Back Seat $6.79 POST PAID

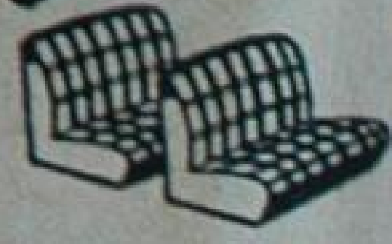
Slips on in a Jiffy! Fits most Cars!

Check These QUALITY Features

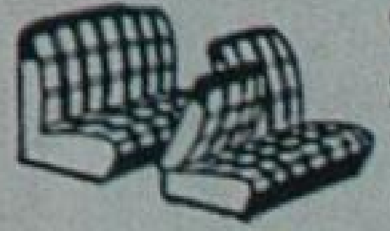
- Colorful, Water Repellant Scotch Plaid Fibre
- Rich Leathercette inserts at points of greatest strain
- Elasticized slip-over sides for snug, smooth fit
- Heavily stitched seams for extra long wear

RICHLY GRAINED LEATHERETTE TRIM

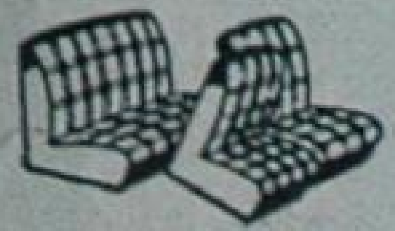
We challenge comparison because nowhere . but ***nowhere*** will you get these ***fine seat covers*** at our ***low price!*** Yes, thanks to our amazing ***direct-from-distributor-to-you*** plan, you can now own long-wearing DeLuxe Auto Seat Covers at ***half the price*** you'd expect to pay. And don't let our low price lead you to confuse our fine covers with inferior auto slip-covers being sold elsewhere. No indeed! These are top quality, ***DeLuxe*** Seat Covers master-tailored of rugged, ***water-repellent*** scotch-plaid fibre and ***richly grained leatherette.*** Their smooth fit and handsome appearance will vastly improve the looks of your car, make it easy for you to slide in and out, protect your clothing and upholstery, and check driving discomfort.



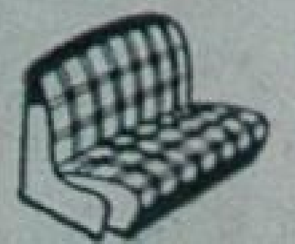
STYLE SA
4-door sedan with 1-pc. seats and backs.



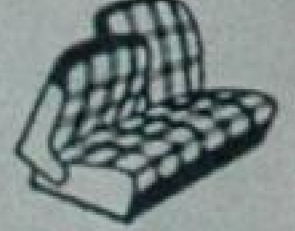
STYLE SB
2-door sedan with split back, 1-pc. seat.



STYLE SC
2-door sedan with separate seats.



STYLE CA
Coupe with 1-pc. back.



STYLE CC
Coupe with 2-pc. back.

HOW TO ORDER SEAT COVERS

Referring to your license card,
list the ***make, year,***
and ***model*** of your car.
Also give model number, body type.
Also state seat style of your car
as shown in illustrations at left.
Put all information in coupon below
and MAIL TODAY!

Ask the Man Who Owns One! Over 50,000 Satisfied Users!

SPECIAL! FOR CAR OWNERS WHO APPRECIATE THE REALLY GOOD THINGS IN LIFE!

COVERS ENTIRE BACK OF FRONT SEAT

An out-of-this-world bargain in Super-Fit, Easy-To-Install

Custom Quality Seat Covers

★ Superb Materials ★ Skilled Craftsmanship
★ Luxurious Beauty ★ Long-Life Durability

Coupes and Front Seats $6.50 POST PAID

Compare with $18.50 Seat Covers

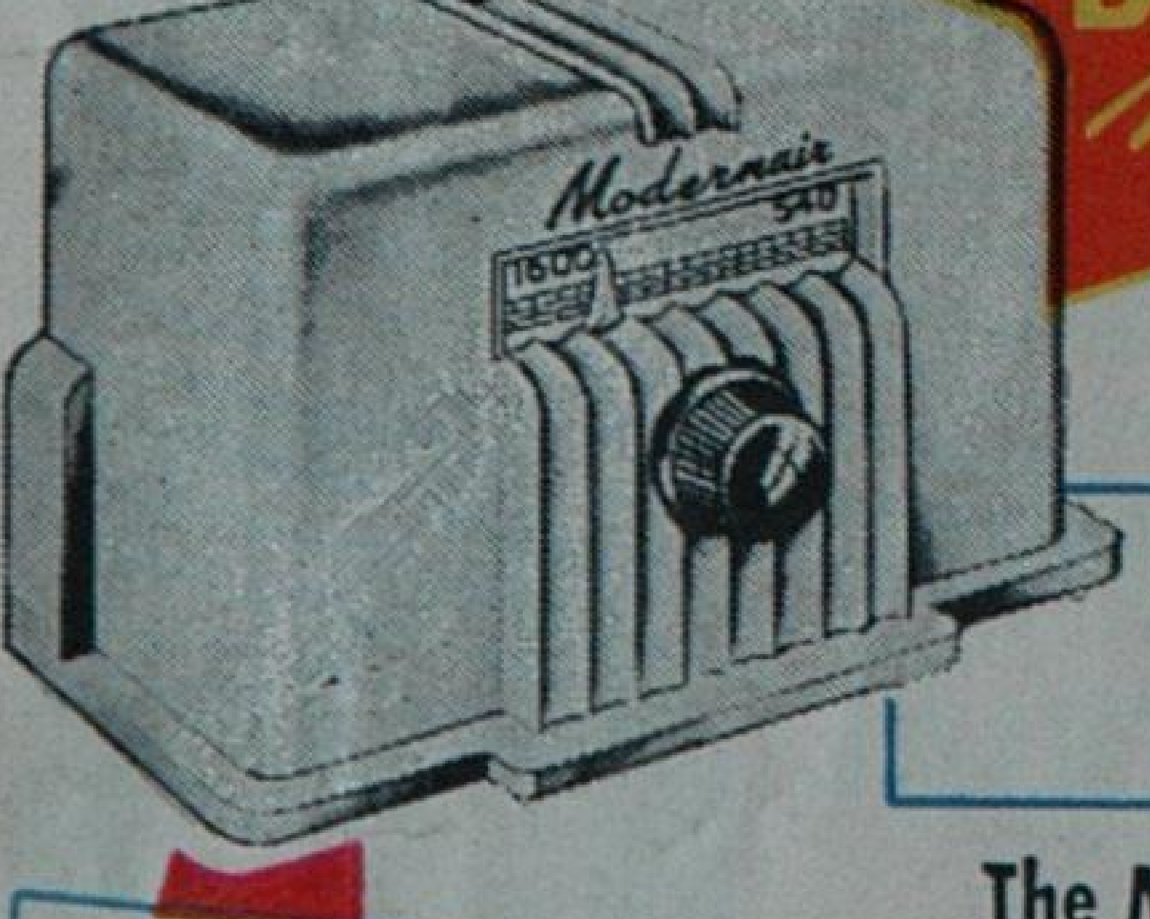
Sedans and Coaches Complete Set $9.95 POST PAID

SOLD ONLY BY MAIL
Order Direct and Save

SEND NO MONEY

Pay postman price of covers ordered plus postage or send cash and we pay postage. If not completely delighted return to us within 5 days for refund under our "you must be pleased—or your money-back" guarantee!

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. FSC 44
9 Madison Ave., Montgomery 4, Ala.
Price in Canada add 50c No C.O.D.s
Please rush me the following Seat Covers checked below:
☐ ***DeLuxe Quality*** front seat $3.98 ☐ ***DeLuxe Quality*** complete set $6.79
☐ ***Custom Quality*** front seat 6.50 ☐ ***Custom Quality*** complete set 9.95
MAKE ________ YEAR ________ MODEL ________
Body Type ____ Seat Style ☐ Style SA ☐ Style SB ☐ Style SC ☐ Style CA ☐ Style CC
Check One ☐ I am enclosing $________. ***Ship postpaid.***
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman $________ plus postage.
Name ________
Address ________
City ________ Zone ____ State ________



Never Before At Such An Amazing Low Price!

BATTERY *Modernair* RADIO

Not a Toy But a Real Battery Operated Radio

For Only $6.95 Complete READY TO PLAY

- Long Life BATTERY OPERATION
- Costs Less Than 1c Per Hour to Operate!
- Powerful VACUUM TUBE RECEPTION

Included AT NO EXTRA COST

22½ VOLT "B" BATTERY
approximately 200 hours of playing life
1½ VOLT "A" BATTERY

USE IT ANYWHERE

PRIVATE EAR PHONE MEANS THAT YOU ALONE CAN HEAR

SMALL ENOUGH TO FIT THE PALM OF YOUR HAND

Powerful PENTODE Receiving TUBE

POWERFUL ENOUGH TO PICK UP STATIONS 100 MILES AWAY!

The Magic Of Radio In The Palm Of Your Hand!

Yes, it's here at last . . . Radio's mighty postwar ***battery midget*** . . . at an almost ***unbelievable low price!*** Look at its streamlined cabinet of lovely, lustrous plastic . . . so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Listen to its rich fidelity . . . so powerful you can tune in stations 100 miles away. Once you hear it play you'll agree that this ***battery midget radio*** at only $6.95 is a postwar dream come true. Yes, astounding as it may sound, we will send your ***Modernair battery radio*** complete with personal earphone, powerful receiving tube and two batteries for only $6.95. However, our present supply is limited and we can guarantee ***immediate delivery*** only if you ACT NOW!

FACTORY GUARANTEED: Each radio checked and tested at the factory, and is fully guaranteed in writing ***for one full year*** against defective workmanship and material.

CHECK THESE ULTRA-MODERN FEATURES:

- Private Earphone Prevents Disturbing Others.
- Picks Up Stations Within 100 Mile Radius.
- Off-and-On Switch With Silver-Plated Points.
- Powerful HI-MU 114 Pentode Receiving Tube.
- Broadcast Reception 540 to 1600 Kilocycles.
- Patented Compression-Type Condenser.
- Two Long-Life Midget Batteries.
- Highly-Selective Tuning Dial.
- Streamlined Ivory Plastic Cabinet.

Send No Money . . . Merely clip this ad and mail it today Then pay postman only $6.95 plus postage on delivery. Or if you prefer, send cash, and we'll pay postage. We guarantee perfect reception if used as directed. Order yours TODAY

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, INC., 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept MR 66